

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

NO. 3966

JULY 10, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE RIGHT TO STRIKE

Not only in America, but also in several continental countries, the right of workingmen to strike is being questioned. Laws to define and limit this right are under discussion. A recent issue of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, which is the ablest organ of the more radical wing of the Socialists in Germany, contains a bitter arraignment of this tendency, as manifested in the legislation dealing with industrial disputes enacted under the present republican government. In France, Italy, and Spain labor is also alert and irritated at the prospect of state interference with the unlimited right to strike. Paul Bourget's article on this subject, in this week's issue, deals therefore with a topic of timely interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

RIVALS IN THE UKRAINE

EUROPEAN dispatches recently have referred to an alliance between the Poles and the Petljura government of the Ukraine against Russia. *Avanti*, the organ of the Italian Socialists, contains an article by Winnichenko, who signs himself 'Ex-President of the Ministry of the first two Governments of the People's Republic of the Ukraine; First Chief of the Directorate of the

Ukraine Republic; Member of the Foreign Group of the Ukrainian Communist Party,' insisting that the Petljura government, which has representatives in the United States and various European countries, and which made any agreement which may have been entered into with Poland, is not a true government; that it does not control a square yard of territory, that it has no legal or practical right to assume to represent the Ukraine; and that its so-called agents and officials are literally impostors. After tracing the history of the various transitory and hazy organizations which have claimed to represent the Ukrainian people since the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, he asserts that the real voice of the nation is expressed through the organization of which he is the head. This organization is strictly a Bolshevik committee or government. Winnichenko claims that Petljura's 'government' is a device of the Entente, and of capitalist interests in Europe, to fight the revolution.

It is not necessary to accept all these statements in order to conclude that the Ukraine, as a distinct political unit, is mostly a fiction. It was created by the Germans at Brest-Litovsk to serve their immediate military purposes,

and has survived because it served the purposes of Germany's successors in the effort to control the destiny of Russia. What the will of the Ukrainian people is remains as yet an unanswered question — a question which can be answered only after peace and law and order have been restored in the territories of the former Russian Empire.

RUSSIAN INCIDENTS

EUROPE is giving much attention to the report of the British Labor Delegation which has just returned from a tour of investigation of Soviet Russia. The London *Morning Post*, which is very hostile to the Soviet government, describes the following 'strange episode' as having occurred in Moscow during the visit of the Delegation, and as having been confirmed by both *Izvestia* and *Pravda*:

On May 23 the British Labor Delegation attended a meeting in the Moscow School of Music of the Printers' Union. Speeches were first made by Messrs. Skinner, Purcell, and Wallhead, of the Delegation, after which replies followed from Dann and Kefal, both Mensheviks, who have identified themselves with the Bolshevik movement. Then a third person rose from the audience and began an address. The identity of this speaker at first was not realized, but he has since been recognized as Chernoff, Minister of Agriculture under Kerensky, and formerly a prominent Social Revolutionary leader.

The speeches of both Dann and Kefal complained to the Labor delegates of the misery of the people and of the unbearable oppression under which Labor now existed. The speech of Chernoff, which is reported to have been delivered in English,—he is known to speak English fluently,—went much further, and consisted of a furious indictment of the government. He declared that every factory in Russia was under iron discipline, and that no such thing as liberty for the working-class was left. He complained of the horrible decay of Russian civilization, which, he said, was proceeding hourly toward ruin, and asserted that the Russian proletariat had rid itself of one bourgeois class only to be betrayed into the clutches of another infinitely more grasping and despotic. Chernoff's speech threw the meeting into confusion.

In order to produce quiet, a Bolshevik, whose name is not known, secured the platform and began a declaration to the effect that there was no more ungrateful task than continually to drive men to work and others to fight, but that it was necessary now if the nation of the workingman was to be saved. This appeal seems to have had small effect, for before the speaker had concluded, the hall was forcibly cleared and the meeting declared at an end.

To measure the importance of the episode, some understanding of the printers' organization is necessary. Printers have had the most highly developed trade in Russia. In general sympathy the men have not been wholly with the Bolsheviks at any time, but they began by agreeing to work with the Bolsheviks, who, however, have always classified printers as Mensheviks. Kefal is frequently said now to be the leader of the Menshevik party in Russia, and Dann is a known Menshevist. Chernoff, however, has never been a Menshevist, but distinctly a Social Revolutionist. In March of last year he was imprisoned by the Bolsheviks after a period of negotiations of some sort with them. Later he escaped from prison, and hid himself in Russia until his dramatic appearance before the British Labor Delegation.

The London *Times* publishes a letter on the resumption of trade with Russia, signed by an 'Ex-Diplomat,' from which the following quotation, interesting to Americans, is taken:

It may not be generally known that, during the past winter, when, after the Copenhagen conferences with Litvinoff (ostensibly for exchange of prisoners) it was suddenly announced by our chameleon-like Premier that the blockade of Russia was to be lifted, strong protests were at once raised by most of the leaders of political and commercial life in America. They held that they were engaged in a life-and-death struggle there against the 'Reds,' that we up to that moment had appeared to hold the Bolshevik propaganda in the same measure of distrust, and that such a decision proved us traitors to the cause of civilization. A leading member of the Republican party, who, behind the scenes, had done more for Britain than most Americans would have dared attempt, actually sent for me that night and said, 'Our party was pledged to support English-speaking union and alliance, but this will lead to a rupture of the gravest kind; is there no sanity on your side to restrain Mr. Lloyd George from such Empire suicide? Our people cannot understand trading with the "Reds," who are our sworn enemies.'

The New York *Times* spoke of the Prime Minister as having the temperament of a Rocky Mountain goat, who leaps from pinnacle to pinnacle careless of the chasms between: it looks as if this time he has missed his leap.

EDUARD BERNSTEIN contributes an article to a recent number of *Vorwärts* on militarism in Soviet Russia, in which he quotes from an article in a Jewish paper printed in Paris, to the effect that it is impossible to say at present where the Soviet power ends and the power of the old Tsarist military clique begins. Even though the Soviets may be friendly to the Jews, and have Jew members, nevertheless, the military masters, whose word is law throughout vast territories, unconcernedly tolerate or even instigate pogroms. Naturally these men of the old police and officer caste still cherish class hatred of the Jews. Consequently unchecked merciless pogroms are constantly occurring in Soviet Russia, in which Jewish villages are completely wiped out by command of leaders of the Red army. In the country of the Soviet the anti-Semite sentiment is so strong that the slightest friction leads to plundering, and plundering speedily develops into a general massacre.

IS EUROPE DOOMED?

Two books have recently appeared in Europe on the theme treated in the article on 'The Ruin of European Culture' in our issue of June 19. The first is a widely read, mystical interpretation of present tendencies, by Oswald Spengler, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* (The Decline and Fall of Western Civilization). The author conceives 'culture' and 'civilization' as respectively the internal or spiritual, and the external or material, aspects of social evolution, and he conceives a distinctive culture as something which can have a birth, growth, decline, and death. As soon as a culture

has incorporated itself completely in a civilization, the period of its decline begins. Applying this theory, which has developed on a basis of abundant historical citation, the author reaches the conclusion that the knell of our present Occidental civilization has already sounded.

The second of these books is by A. Demangeon, the distinguished director of the geographical conferences of the Sorbonne, and is published under the title *Le Déclin de l'Europe*. This study is written from a more practical and political standpoint. It prophesies a speedy usurpation of Europe's present world-hegemony by America and Japan. A remarkable chapter deals with 'The Awakening of the Native Races.' In general it poses questions certain to figure prominently in the political discussions and international policies of the years ahead of us.

MORE TROUBLE IN SPAIN

CONSTITUTIONAL guaranties were recently suspended and martial law proclaimed in several Spanish cities, including Barcelona, Valencia, Orense, and Avila. Madrid suffered severely from a food-shortage on account of a strike of the cooks and cooks' assistants. For several weeks hotels and restaurants had been closed. The tourist trade was suspended and business was prostrated. The bakers were on a strike. Great crowds gathered daily in front of the shops from which the municipality issued bread. People stood all night in queues to buy food. Bolsheviks were promoting these disorders. Strong detachments of soldiers patrolled the avenues of the capital. At Barcelona and Valencia several guards and policemen had been assassinated. A serious strike was in progress among the miners of Penarroya, and the rural laborers in Andalusia were in open revolt.

Spain's experience suggests that the check to the growth in population resulting from the war was not confined to the belligerent countries. Between 1912 and 1918 the number of deaths per thousand people in that country increased from 21.1 to 33.4. This is partly due to the influenza epidemic.

ARAB VOTERS IN ALGIERS

LE TEMPS comments in a recent issue upon the probable effects of the law of February 4, 1919, granting political rights to the native Mohammedan population of Algiers. The purpose of this legislation is twofold. It confers upon all the natives, except farm-hands, fellahs, and city laborers who have not performed military service, the privilege of becoming naturalized as French citizens. The exceptions mentioned apply only to the present generation, since universal military service was introduced in 1917, and henceforth every young Arab will be entitled to naturalization on his release from the army. Although nine tenths of the younger natives are thus eligible to citizenship, very few take the trouble to acquire this privilege. Of the fifty thousand Arabs in Algiers, only one has so far applied for political rights. The reason is their unwillingness to abandon native customs and usages, which they are free to follow while they retain their old status. Among these are the right of polygamy, easy divorce, and the Mohammedan law of inheritance.

In addition Arabs are permitted to vote in local elections. Wherever they have expressed their sentiments the native voters appear to have been 'against the government.'

AMERICAN ARMY SUPPLIES IN FRANCE

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Corriere della Sera*, writing from Paris in May, mentions the extensive pillaging al-

leged to have occurred from the war stocks sold to the French Government by our War Department:

Every day for several months these American stocks have been the subject of ugly rumors. They are said to be disappearing most mysteriously. Stories are current that millions of francs' worth of goods have been stolen on account of the criminal negligence of the guards. There are also daily attacks in the press upon the gentlemen in charge of the liquidation of this property. So large are the warehouse camps at Gièvre, Montoire, Miramas, and Verneuil, where these goods are stored, that a person needs an automobile to get about. At each point the Americans had fifteen thousand men stationed, to look after the property. The French Government has only one thousand. When the Americans set out to equip their army, they plunged ahead without much thought of economy. Shiploads of every kind of material arrived in quick succession: arms, harnesses, canned goods, soap, gasoline, toys,—actually children's toys,—blankets, dry goods, paper, ploughs, automobiles, and coffins. The Americans brought over four hundred thousand coffins to France. They proposed that every soldier should be properly buried. Their actual deaths were only about eighty thousand, so there is a surplus of some three hundred thousand coffins. All this stuff was brought in by the train-load and piled in vast quartermaster sheds. Sometimes it was properly checked, but this was the exception. Some of the coffins are packed full of pails of lard. A big bale marked 'woolen underwear,' may be found to have cotton goods inside, and a box marked 'paper' will contain a typewriter. Then there was evidently more or less fraud: in some cases of bottled goods only the upper layers were filled and the lower ones empty. At Verneuil there were two million (*sic!*) Mexican saddles; at Miramas, thousands of handcuffs. Who is going to buy such quantities of Mexican saddles and handcuffs? It is not surprising that the bureaucrats have lost their heads in all this confusion.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

ALARMISTS who profess to see in the results of the recent German elections evidences of the growing strength of the reactionaries are perhaps misinterpreting an apathetic for an aggressive state of public sentiment. In an account of the political situation in Germany on the eve of this election,

Theodor Wolff, editor of the Radical-Liberal *Berliner Tageblatt*, writes in the London *Nation* of June 5: 'Members of nearly every party are in ill-humor and are disillusioned. Friends of the past do not believe in the restoration of their ideals, and adherents of the new order have not seen their hopes realized.' He foresaw that women would prove an unpredictable factor in the coming vote. They were more influenced than men by the rising price of food and the demands of servants, and more easily persuaded to draw political conclusions from these disagreeable incidents. The outcome of the election indicates that as a result of something more than a year of real parliamentary government, the average German citizen has made up his mind pretty definitely either in favor of the old social system,—which does not mean necessarily the old political system,—or in favor of going still further with socialization and other radical changes than was ventured by the recent coalition government. The great political issue in Germany is not between a monarchy and a republic, but between parliamentary government and a Soviet government plus proletarian dictatorship. The election seems to have removed that question from practical politics for the present by showing that the people are overwhelmingly in favor of parliamentary institutions.

COAL FROM TURKEY.

THE partition of Turkey, while it resulted in Italy's receiving but minor territorial concessions, has given that country valuable commercial advantages in the Eastern Mediterranean. Among the more important of these is virtual control of the coal regions

around ancient Heraclea, on the Black Sea. The collieries lie some twenty-five miles from the port of Zongulvah, with which they have railway connection, and from which about two thousand tons of coal were shipped daily before the war. Production can be greatly augmented, as the Turkish government has hitherto placed many obstacles in the way of scientifically developing this property.

MINOR NOTES

WITHIN three months more than five hundred families with some capital have migrated from Central Europe to the Argentine. An even larger number have migrated from Italy. One Italian vessel recently arrived in Buenos Aires with eight hundred immigrants, of whom no less than two hundred and fifty had sufficient money to buy a farm.

THE overall movement has spread from America to London. In Spain people have taken to wearing rope sandals as a protest against the high prices of shoes. According to recent reports from Buenos Aires, leagues have been formed in that city by people who oblige themselves to adopt the boots and clothing of agricultural laborers. This example is being followed by all classes of society.

IN its attempt to tax war-profits the French government is facing a decidedly unfriendly attitude on the part of the peasants, who have uncompromisingly resolved to tolerate no inquiry into their profits from the war. As a result the provision for inquisitory proceedings, in order to ascertain farm-profits, has been suspended for the present.

[*L'Illustration* (Paris Illustrated Literary Weekly), May 29]

THE ABUSE OF THE RIGHT TO STRIKE

BY PAUL BOURGET

If we analyze the right to strike, we find that this right is but the corollary of two others: the right to work and the right to liberty. In order that a citizen may occupy a worthy place in society, he must have a chance to earn a living by serving that society — in other words, by useful labor. Even an idler contributes in a way such service; for the capital which supports him in idleness is nothing else than accumulated labor. But if work is to have moral value — I insist upon this adjective — it must be voluntary. Unless this be the case, it will be slave labor, no matter by what fine name we call it. Voluntary labor presupposes the right to stop work and that embraces definitely the right to strike. Consequently some of the highest aspects of human association are involved in this right, and its recognition by law has been justly rated one of the great forward steps of justice and progress.

Holding this theoretical proposition clearly in view, let us turn our eyes to the prospect presented by the general strike which we have recently witnessed in France, where we have seen liberty menaced, denied, crushed, by an implacable and anonymous despotism. We saw labor, which should logically have its independence strengthened and its condition bettered by striking, balked and demoralized. We beheld the social compact, which protects us all against atavistic and primitive barbarism, attacked savagely. The fruitful sense of solidarity which makes our people one nation was cur-

tailed and confined to a single group, and distorted into a dogma of hatred. Does this experience compel us to go back to the doctrines of old-time slavery advocates, and to accept August Comte's dictum that the all-subordinating need of public order can never be satisfied, except by the constant use of restraint?

Many motives of various weight lie behind this abuse of strikes. Some are economic, others political, and, under existing conditions, some are even physiological. The nervous demoralization following long wars has always manifested itself in crises of collective psychopathy, incited by incidents which superficial historians mistake for fundamental causes. Among these motives I would emphasize a mistaken conception of what we may call, for want of a better term, the ownership of labor. If this misconception could be corrected in the minds of the proletariat, revolutionary sophistry would be deprived of a dangerous weapon. Ownership of labor is what I have called it. (At a glance it may appear a peculiar phrase: to whom could a man's labor belong, if not to the person who performs it? Is it not as much his property as his eyes, his mind, his ability, his free will? But if you analyze labor a little more closely, you will discover that working involves a group of conditions outside the workingman himself. A locomotive engineer enters his cab. Is the locomotive he is about to start, which is his tool of trade, a product of his own labor? No. The

movement by which he opens the throttle—his part of the task—means nothing without that great mechanism, supplied by whom? Supplied by his comrades who built the locomotive, laid the track, and mined the coal. Workingmen are perfectly aware of this collaboration. This consciousness lends a nobler aspect to even their irrational and destructive uprisings by giving these a basis of class fraternity. Unhappily, this sentiment stops with one class, and, stopping there, becomes unjust.

Let us continue our study of the locomotive. It was constructed by hand-workers—but after whose design? After plans invented by other workers, men who worked with their brains. But going still further back, it was necessary first to explore the laws of mechanics, and who did that? Scientists and scholars bent over abstruse mathematical calculations and complex laboratory apparatus—men who hardly ever used their hands in direct production. These scientists and scholars, and their colleagues, the physicists, chemists, and geologists,—for all the sciences coöperate in every invention,—how were they produced? Where did they study? In universities. And who founded and endowed such institutions? Possibly princes and high officials and noblemen, or wealthy men of the middle class. In some degree innumerable beneficent impulses and efforts have contributed to create these complex instruments of production. All these contributors have added something to the output of the working-man, whose service they have rendered possible. They retain a right of ownership in that service. Enter a factory, descend into a mine, visit a studio—all the people there employed, whatever they may be doing or thinking or planning, are consciously or unconsciously participants in some joint serv-

ice. This universal coöperation makes the particular trade of each worker possible. To repudiate that coöperation is to commit social suicide. Men are prisoners within this system, but at the same time its beneficiaries.

Analysis enables us to isolate a truth regarding capital and its different forms which we are prone to overlook. We are accustomed to look at wealth from a single aspect—that of money. But if we consider it in its truer and broader sense,—and that is the sense in which I would employ the word here,—it is accumulated labor; and even the most destitute members of society really derive the benefit of a great capital, both intellectual and physical, for which they are the trustees, and—let us tell them frankly—the debtors. I am not speaking of the security which society affords the humblest workman. His existence, and that of his wife and children, are no longer at the mercy of brute force. They are guaranteed against that physical oppression, that ‘right of the fist,’ which prevailed in the Middle Ages. His personal savings belong to him; the public protects them. But this is not the great blessing for which even the man without property should be deeply grateful to society. The great blessing is that he is a functioning member of a civilized state. That alone is a birthright so precious that millions and millions of men of former generations would have envied him its possession, had they been able to conceive so great a blessing. To-day, how many millions of men are without it in the uncivilized and barbarous portions of the globe. How small, after all, is the civilized world compared with the vast areas where life and property are still insecure!

The right to strike becomes an abuse, as soon as it denies the fundamental law, that the labor of the individual can never be distinct and apart from the

labor of the rest of the community, and as soon as it attacks society, of which revolutionists persist in seeing only the drawbacks, without comprehending the blessings they enjoy under a civilized government and the intolerable sufferings which would be their lot in a state of social chaos. Were the proletariat to succeed in its present efforts, this success would be punished, like all other errors of heart and spirit, by a veritable return to barbarism. First of all would be the stagnation of industry. It is the most chimerical of delusions to fancy that the sciences, upon which the industries of to-day are based, represent a permanent acquisition which the human race can never lose. In the same way that there is no disease in the abstract, but there are diseased people, so there is no science in the abstract, but there are scientists. In other words, if the sciences are not cultivated in the minds of men, they will disappear and vanish. A dictatorship of manual workers, excluding intellectual workers, would, if it continued long enough, lead to the disappearance of our scientific knowledge, and a speedy decline of industrial processes and equipment. When machinery is no longer designed and constructed true to the theories and principles which underlie the applied sciences, it will no longer be improved. Mechanical equipment will not be replaced. Engineering and technology will decline as they have already done in Russia. Indeed, the frightful experience of that country already shows the ruin that ensues under the dictatorship of men of brawn alone. Such a system requires a militarist system of production, where output and consumption are enforced and rationed under rigorous tyrannical control.

Consequently the abuse of the right

to strike, which our French Bolsheviks would employ to enforce their theories, ends with this disconcerting paradox: 'As a corollary of the right to liberty, the right to strike carried to excess produces slavery. Conceived as defending the dignity of labor, it finally debases it.' Another example of the errors into which we inevitably fall when we defy the laws of nature.

Socialist doctrinaires propose to reduce all classes to one. Now the existence of these classes is a fact. That they exist in response to a law of nature is a second fact; for there have been classes in all ages, in all climates, and among all races. That these classes are in conflict with each other is a third fact. But the class-struggle, which is the very essence of social life, presumes the coexistence of classes. These rival classes cannot dispense with each other. A moralist wrote in the eighteenth century: 'Everything is interdependent. The air belongs to man and man belongs to the air. Nothing exists for itself alone.' This great vital law of interdependence has been instinctively realized by the French proletariat during the recent struggle. They must learn to comprehend it fully, to appreciate its fundamental necessity and broad justice. The day when they do appreciate it fully, a danger will have been averted which now menaces, not only our own country, but all European civilization. Let us have faith that this danger will vanish as others have vanished before. The proletariat is as deeply interested in averting the peril as is the bourgeoisie. We do not want a movement to deprive the workman of the right to strike, but to guarantee that the employment of this right shall be legitimate, and compatible with the highest interests of society, which is superior to any single class.

[*Frankfurter Zeitung* (Radical Liberal Daily), May 30]
PAGES FROM A GERMAN WAR DIARY

BY FRITZ VON UNRUH

September 8.—A subaltern shakes me awake. I sit up, startled from my sound sleep, and my horse bends down and noses my face.

'What is the matter?'

'Patrol to Parigny.'

I look up at the sky. The moonlight still plays over the wreckage of the recent battle. Mild and milky lies its sheen upon the ruins. The groans and sighs of the wounded reach my ear. There is a low melancholy murmur from the passing breeze. In the distance the first glow of dawn tinges the east. The Uhlans of my detachment are all up. The cold chill of the Marne meadows strikes to the bone. Distant and silent the stars twinkle above. My God, what have I in common with this great peaceful nature, with which my heart is in such strident discord!

The subaltern laughs. 'There will be big doings to-day.' We set out. The trees and the grass along the road are as white as flour from the dust of the heavy traffic. The moon pales into silver. The chill morning breaks. Suddenly we are surrounded by a glory of diffused light, such as one sees at times in a desert dawn. A biting breeze stirs the manes of the horses. A startled sow plunges terrified into a potato field. On the horizon the flames from burning villages flash like dagger-thrusts into the heavens.

Lonely chimneys stand stark and deserted over the ruins of former homes, like accusing witnesses testifying to the firesides that have been destroyed. We gallop on through dead

villages. A child's shoe tops a little heap of broken whiskey bottles. Dark fragments of clouds chase past the disk of the rising sun, like fleeing birds. On our left shrapnel is crashing, like a host of exulting demons, through the forest we are about to enter.

A soldier passes, holding a shattered, bandaged arm high above his head. A little calf is trotting after him. Waves of the mingled stenches of the battlefield drift by as we proceed, each suggesting its separate vision of inferno. Roofs suddenly collapse like cinema unrealities. High walls vanish into nothing. Flames greedily lick up the heaps of ruins. They dart out to the ends of protruding rafters. They peer angrily through cellar windows. Why does not the Deity send some instantaneous holocaust to purge the earth once for all from this madness! Or is this already a divine judgment? A herd of goats crowds together, startled, in the road ahead of us, and then scatters in a panic. A sentry halts us: 'The road is impassable.' We dismount and advance on foot. A riderless unsaddled horse gallops ahead of me. His shining coat reflects the glare of the burning buildings. He pricks up his ears. I seize him by the halter. Just then a shell explodes, and he tears away like a homeless Pegasus. Sparks are dancing and flying in all directions.

Artillery preparation has begun. An apple tree loaded with fruit stands in a ravaged garden. Its branches stretch out to a church which has

been burned to the ground as far as the transept. We step over the mutilated remains of a horse; its legs lie scattered as if he had been the paper plaything of a giant child. The bloody head is beyond, in a turnip field. On the other side of the street a decorated table stands lonely, in the midst of corpses and scattered campaign equipment. A solitary *liqueur* glass upon it sparkles like a diamond.

Artillery fighting has now become general along the whole of the front. We must cross the bridge over a Marne canal single file. Shrapnel has made it like a sieve. This Marne canal is obstinately defended by the French. We arrive in still smoking Parigny. I get my directions from the railway station. My feet are wet. I discover that I am standing in a red lake, fed by broken wine bottles lying about. The freight-rooms and baggage-rooms have been destroyed. Corpses lie along the track. One of them in particular catches my eye; from its gaping mouth a stream of black blood has flowed.

Companies have taken shelter behind the buildings. We make our way through a wrecked house. A corpse of an old man stares at me from a heap of straw. The next room has been shattered by a shell. The smell of stagnant water rises from the floor. On a broad bed is lying a dead woman. Two children, still living, are in her arms. Near by a very old lady sits in an invalid chair. I stop and catch my breath. Except the children, everyone in the family is dead. Two Uhlans drag the stunned children from the rigid arms of their mother and take them with them. As we pass a first-aid station we leave them there.

Lives are snuffed out with the speed of lightning. I make my peace with earth and heaven, and set my teeth. All our artillery preparation and lavish use of ammunition have not less-

sened the fire of French batteries. The infantry with fixed bayonets prepares to charge. 'Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!' — and then a shrieking, cursing, surging carnival of blood.

An officer comes up to me: 'Forward, and inspire your soldiers like Cæsar. We must have men forgetful of life and death; men who can die.' — 'And our souls?' — 'To-day decides.' The officer has already hurried forward. Shells are bursting on every hand, and the very depths of the earth shudder.

All you good people, in your fine houses and aristocratic suburbs at home, who glory in your distant contemplation of this bloody arena— could not Macbeth on the stage have quenched your thirst for murder and sensation, without your driving us into this carnival of madness? You pay us and make your profits. But woe to you! woe to you! These bursting shells are destroying more than you dream. What you consider immutable and enduring, we shall repudiate and abolish. The day of reason dawns. For the moment we are submerged in this surf and surge of blood. But the day is coming when we will no longer sacrifice the substance for the appearance.

On a wall near a broken telescope lies the plaster head of a Venus of Milo. Beyond, a cloud of dust is thrown up by a bursting shell. I arrive at the staff position. There is a subdued excitement everywhere. 'Three hundred reserves to the front.' The situation is critical. The French heavy artillery is advancing. A major rushes up to the general: 'The thing hangs by a thread.' Messages crowd on the heels of messages.

'Regiment X is in full retreat.'

General: Impossible! The colonel promised me faithfully to hold the canal.

Officers are sent to the baggage columns. French shells are flying over

us. *Crash! Crash!* A staff captain turns pale, mistakes his orders, asks, calls for information. A shattered wardrobe flies into the court from the attic. The general and his officers, ducking their heads, hurry down the stairs. The hallway is packed with men. A French aviator. Our batteries fire at him. Little puffs of smoke appear in front and behind. *Crash!*—that was at the factory. *Crash!*—this is in the courtyard.

A voice: The rascal aims well; one must admit that. Napoleon's method.

The chief from the general headquarters of the army arrives in an automobile. He whispers with the general.

A voice: Advance the mortars. During the next peace interval we must provide more high explosives and fewer shrapnel. These high-explosive shells are demoralizing.

Crash! There is demoniac tumult, and the church of Parigny collapses. Everyone seeks cover. I step upon a mutilated Zouave. His chin and neck have been shot away, so that I can see the inside of his skull. On the wall between two tapers a Madonna lifts her hand in blessing.

Hours pass without our being able to advance. There is an infernal tumult on every side. We are at the Marne line.

September 11.—An officer plunges in, saying, ‘Unlucky day.’—‘What's up?’ Our glow-lamps and voices are simultaneously alert. ‘Baggage-trains and hospitals retire fifteen kilometres.’—‘Retire? Madness!’—‘Before daylight!’

I jump up and bolt into the street. Horses are hurrying past, wagons rattle. ‘Be ready to march by six-thirty.’—‘So we are just retreating?’

A major of the General Staff laughs nervously and spreads honey on a piece of bread. Others stand around the field kitchen and drink hot tea.

‘The French will make a fine to-do. I should like to be here when they discover that we left so suddenly. They will naturally advertise it as a big victory. Let's hope their aviators do not detect our movement too soon. Thank heaven the sky is overcast! They will waste their ammunition to-day.’

There was general laughter. ‘Our people are merely rectifying the front. Are we to send forward the artillery?’—‘No, it is no longer necessary.’—‘But we will bring back our field howitzers.’

The morning wind sweeps across the fields. I give a start. The regiments are coming back in small detachments of thirty men at a time. ‘Retreat?’ This word flies about the room like a black interrogation-point. ‘Retreat!’ The general looks out of the window and asks somebody, ‘Where were you?’—‘With X division.’—‘And——?’ He leans farther out of the window. ‘The soldiers want to know why we are retreating. They are cursing and abusing everybody. They say, “First we are driven forward and then we are driven back. We win positions and then give them up for nothing.”’ The general sticks his hands in his pockets. ‘It is horrible and we are going to have a rainy day!’ His white hair shakes. ‘Abominable!’ He pulls his moustache. ‘We are readjusting our front, or the devil knows what. I am as much at sea as anybody.’ He looks at us gloomily. ‘Are we really getting ahead? It looks as if the right wing had not kept up with us. Perhaps we have to retire for that reason.’

Reports of our casualties come in. The general looks them over and lifts up a portfolio of photographs lying on a window-seat and then lays it down carefully. He puts on his hat and closes the window. A battery commander gallops by.

'How are we going to get our guns back?'—'Make them unserviceable.'—'How?'—'Take out the breech-locks.'—'They have pieces to replace them.'—'Then burst them.'—'The barrels are too strong.'—'Then take them with you.'—'That would be the best.'—'The devil you say; the best thing would be not to retreat.'

A major rides up. 'Retiring? What is this retreat about? Some d—d blundering. Retreat! Smash anyone who misinterprets it.'—'It is a mighty good thing that this heedless driving forward is over with.'—'It looks as if the French cavalry and English forces had got between the first and second army.'—'Readjustment of the general plan.'—'I say it is a mighty good thing we've got through with this crazy idea that we have won everything, and begin to appreciate the real seriousness of the situation.'—'Quite right; it is no pleasure excursion to go to Paris.'—'It looks as if we owed this to the army that thought it could win the whole campaign alone.'

A few soldiers are knocking apples down from the trees. The clouds hang low. 'How are we to understand our orders? First we drive ahead and then we clear out. The men are going to call it stupid leadership.'—'Well, are we to tell every individual soldier the details?'—'Only the officers should know what is up.'—'They are muttering that the situation is bad on the eastern front.'—'Schlieffen's plan of campaign has not been followed. First Paris, then the Russians. They seem to want to do it the other way round. First the Russians, then Paris.'—'Do you think Moltke would do that?'

There is much shaking of heads.

The troops set out. The conversation I have just heard crowds through my brain in confusion. Fine rain envelops us. I stop with a few Uhlans. We are awaiting orders. The lightly

wounded are to be taken with us. The badly wounded must be left behind. There is frightful cursing in the hospitals. We hear shouts and shrieks and groans. The assistant surgeons, the Sisters, and the attendants, with unostentatious chivalry and devotion, stay with their patients. Now I begin to realize that it is a real retreat. After the first tumult, burning humiliation rises in my heart; shame at leaving our crippled comrades to their fate. It is as if a tormenting conscience was driving us far from this madness, out of whose fever-dreams our bleeding comrades glare after us in despair. Here and there an autumn flower peers from the wayside. The trunks of the beeches gleam like ghosts through the breaking shadows. A black dog follows close on the heels of an artillery subaltern and jumps up to each mounted man who passes. At the slightest noise he drops his tail and slinks away. Whenever he jumps up at a soldier, he is promptly knocked back into the mud. It is indeed retreat.

Dahlias and asters brighten the gardens. Oh, you flowers in warfare, you are the only stars that relieve this midnight of insanity! Autumn leaves are falling. I am homesick. Unutterably homesick. My nerves, strained to the breaking-point, have relaxed. I would go back to a life of love and joy; I would surrender myself to a new revelation, a revelation that lies heavily on my breast.

I am no longer a human being. My hands clinch involuntarily. The world is collapsing around me. I walk as in a dream. Who has chained me to this barbarous existence? Forgive me, Almighty God, but a curse, a fearful curse against my parents rises to my lips. 'You plunged me into this, but you did not give me the hireling soul stolidly to do my part.' I must not think, else I shall go mad. We scarce

arrive at a village before the order comes to proceed. Retreat, retreat, farther and farther! We keep hearing reports: 'The French are advancing. Keep on.—'Is it true that we have been forced to evacuate all our positions?'—'Also the Argonne?'—'Also Rheims? What madness!'—'Superior strategic considerations!'—'And how long are they going to keep the troops in ignorance of the truth?'—'Telephone connections are broken.'

I ride on. It seems interminable. The road is muddy. A little pool of water has formed around every tree. The troops surge back. I have to go across lots because every highway is filled with retreating columns. A cutting cold wind blows over the autumn meadows. The hoofs of my horse splash in the wet marshes. Back, ever farther back.

Along the highways the horns of the baggage trucks are constantly sounding, 'Clear the way! Clear the way!' That is the ever-recurring signal. A flock of sheep is baaing in their midst. The trees rustle with the rising wind. Black masses of cloud scurry overhead. They pour on from the distant horizon like a deluge coming from France, and they are black—crape black—and menacing!

[*La Ilustracion Española y Americana*
(Madrid Illustrated Literary Weekly),
May 8]

A PASSING CONVERSATION

BY AROZIN

'WHAT are you doing?'

'I am planning to write an article.'

'What about?'

'Communism.'

'Are you writing against it?'

'No, in its favor.'

'They won't publish such an article.'

'We shall see. My idea is very simple and very innocuous. How can

people object to it? I shall imagine a country adorned with beautiful and spacious cities. The residences will be roomy and comfortable. Every block of houses will be surrounded by a pleasant comely garden. Tranquillity and peace will brood over these cities. No house will have locked doors. There will be no bars or bolts or iron gratings or fences. Why should there be? No one will have the slightest interest in stealing from these houses or in improperly entering them. This will be because no one will have any wants which he cannot more reasonably and sensibly gratify. The houses will be assigned to the citizens by lot every ten years. At the end of that term all the tenants will change their homes. The tasks of all will be equal. Their entertainments and rest-periods will be the same. Everyone will work a few hours daily, and this will be sufficient to supply the needs and perform the services of society. Since labor in the fields is healthy, and contact with nature is agreeable, except when this toil is forced and too much prolonged, all citizens will be obliged to remove for a certain period each year into the country, just as children are obliged to attend school, in order that they may thus recuperate.

'All people will have equal opportunity to practise the manual arts or the liberal professions. While they are young students, their aptitudes will be closely observed, and those who show special fitness for the arts and sciences will be assigned to cultivate them. Nothing shall be done without consulting all the citizens. Their general agreement upon the tasks which each respectively performs will deprive even the humblest task of any shadow of indignity. No one will be humiliated. No one will exult in his personal superiority. The day's activities will begin early. Before the heavy labor of

the fields and shops is taken up a few hours will be devoted to study. Various agreeable sports and games will occupy the time after heavier labor is over. The tools and instruments of production will be common property. Materials for constructing new buildings or repairing old ones will be obtained gratuitously from public warehouses. Meals will be taken in common. This does not mean that great crowds of citizens will gather together to devour greedily public repasts. No: they will join in little groups, according to their respective interests and likings, somewhere in their neighborhood; and their meals will be pleasant social functions in which parents and children participate together.

Hunting will not figure among the sports of these people. The chase promotes a love of shedding blood. It is stupid and cruel to hunt down and slaughter an innocent animal. Neither will these people waste their time debating scholastic subtleties. Their mental training will be logical and practical; their habits of thinking simple and direct. Their favorite authors will be the philosophers, the poets, and the tragedians of Greece, men whose masterpieces are eternal. The Greek classics will be circulated in beautiful and accurate editions. The study of immortal authors will of itself produce a natural tolerance of mind and thought; and this will inspire tolerance in every sphere of conduct.

These people will not despise beauty and physical vigor; but they will not push their cultivation to an extreme, any more than they will mortify their flesh with fasts; but they will preserve

a wholesale equilibrium of health. When they do fall ill, hospitals equipped with every requirement of the most advanced science will be provided to care for them. These hospitals will consist of numerous small pavilions and villas surrounded by lawns and verdant gardens. There the patients will be cared for so thoughtfully and tenderly, with such exquisite regard for their own wishes and tastes and privacy and independence, that no one would consider for a moment remaining in his own home during an illness. This is my theory of Communism.'

'Well, have you finished? I surely remember having read something of that kind before.'

'Naturally. This abominable theory, as it is called to-day, was presented, as I have just described it, in the sixteenth century. Does it look like barbarism? All that I have told you and a great deal more was set down by Thomas More in his *Utopia*. I have merely been quoting a Spanish translation, published in 1673. It is a translation approved by the gentlemen of the Holy Inquisition, and indorsed by Quevedo himself. Do you think that this pure, noble, elevated ideal emanated from brutish, ignorant clowns?'

'Most decidedly I am an advocate of your kind of Communism.'

'Quevedo himself said, in speaking of the book and of its author: "This is a short book; but a lifetime would not be too long to devote to its study. Its author wrote little and said much. If those who govern the people would obey it, and those who obey would be governed by it, neither of these would find the others a source of trouble."

[*Nord und Süd* (Conservative Literary Monthly), May]

EX ORIENTE LUX!

BY HANS WENDT

THE great world-transformation introduced by the war entered upon a new stage with the revolution, of which we have as yet witnessed only the beginning. This great tragedy of civilization cannot be profitably studied from the standpoint of an official or a business man. Men of those classes cannot break away from their old habits of thought. They continue to interpret conditions from premises no longer valid, assuming that the world can again become solvent merely by increasing taxes or accumulating capital.

Unhappily, their practical wisdom of yesterday no longer holds good to-day. Even the dullest sees that our distress grows more acute with each forward movement of the minute-hand of history, and that production is constantly declining. The occasional interruptions in this process are but the momentary, convulsive rallyings of a perishing system, which cannot live, yet shrinks from death. Our impoverishment is becoming absolute. The government exhorts to industry, but its appeals fall on deaf ears; because that government itself destroys the product of labor by wasting capital as rapidly as it is acquired.

In order to comprehend our present distress and the errors which blind the government, we must examine carefully the causes, character, and effects of the catastrophe in which we are involved. We must try to understand the historical evolution of the war, and to weigh carefully the respective results of the ensuing political crisis and eco-

nomic crisis, before we can plan wisely for a remedy. Our inquiry, therefore, must be directed to three fields: the historical, the political, and the economic.

Every clear-sighted man already understands in a measure the historical causes of the war. He no longer wastes time over questions of personal or national guilt, and of responsibility on either side. The true and ultimate causes of the catastrophe will never be revealed in official documents. Long before this war began, mankind had reached the stage of civilization where acts of individuals were powerless to start a world-conflagration unless vastly greater forces lay behind them. *The true cause of the war was the impossibility of permanently supporting the luxurious civilization of decadent Europe on the foundation of the existing economic system.*

If we are to believe our opponents, the political results of the war are embodied in the Treaty of Versailles. However, it is the simplest of truisms that treaties are binding only to the extent that they are possible of fulfillment. Where treaties provide terms that cannot be observed, it is unnecessary for either party to destroy them: They are mere illegal documents in the court of history, which receive no added worth from signatures. They destroy themselves. So it is a waste of words to discuss the Treaty of Versailles. All clear-headed people, except a few high-strung, temperamental, and hate-blinded men among our enemies, recognize that the document is already

a dead letter. Indeed, the war has produced a new Europe, radically different from the Europe which our superficial press writers imagine still to exist. The distribution of national power is very different from what we might assume from the pronouncements of generals and military authorities. To illustrate by a single example: Small neutral nations, making no pretensions to military strength, are to-day more powerful factors in international politics than victorious Italy and France. This is clear from the moment we see things as they are, undeluded by the assumptions and assertions of men misguided by the traditional nonsense about national glory. France is an impoverished, war-devastated land, more miserable, if that is possible, than Germany itself. Sabre-rattling cannot conceal the fact for any length of time. The world is not going to fight forever.

A year of conflict destroys more than ten years of peace can create. Europe, at least civilized Europe, is to-day absolutely unable to fight new wars, even if it so wishes. Therefore, battleships and heavy cannon are from a practical standpoint as worthless as children's toys. Suppose that France and Italy should challenge the power of the United States — all their proud navies would not prevent their lack of physical wealth and shattered credit from sealing their fate in a few weeks. Consequently, it is purposeless to persist in using our out-of-date conceptions of international force as if the latter still existed. The only real political powers in the world to-day are the United States and Russia. Possibly we shall have to add Japan and China in the near future. England will, sooner or later, share the fate of other European nations, in spite of the desperate effort it makes to-day to maintain its world-status. Either old England will give its broad colonial empire complete

self-government, maintaining only a fictitious suzerainty over it, or the Empire will break to pieces of its own weight.

Inasmuch, then, as the world is weary and exhausted, we no longer should attach much importance to the military factor in international relations. Economic resources alone make nations great to-day. This is why America and Russia stand far in the lead of all other countries in the world. A long era of peace is inevitable. It is imposed upon us by the compulsion of facts. New wars would mean an unendurable sacrifice of life; for even under the best conditions, without hostilities at all, multitudes are even now doomed to perish of starvation before Europe settles down again to the pursuits of peace.

From the political standpoint the distribution of power and of rivalries among the civilized nations is to-day as follows. An economically strong America and an equally vigorous Japan oppose each other. Both parties maintain an attitude of remarkable reserve, because they know that their interests are in conflict, and that sooner or later they must have a settlement with each other. Japan is to-day possibly the weaker from a military standpoint. The situation will be reversed the moment that she is supported by a modernized China. Even after Japan and America have settled with each other, there will be material for conflict between Japan and China; for the stronger state will not permanently endure subordination to the weaker. Russia has suffered a huge loss of population by the war, yet so powerful is that country that this has but the effect of an infantile disease.

Our eastern neighbor, with its rapidly reproducing population, will shortly be stronger than ever. Economically its resources are still intact: they have

only lain fallow, and have recuperated during the present crisis. That country can look forward to a longer and richer period of development than the United States. America has squandered its natural wealth most prodigally during the war, exchanging it in folly for fictitious values like gold and credits. Therefore, as an outcome of the world-catastrophe, the Great Powers of the old civilization, England, France, Italy, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, have completely lost their status. America and Russia have sprung to the front, completely eclipsing them. Japan and China are preparing to assert their equal rights with these great rivals. *France, Italy, Germany, and Austria-Hungary will have no more importance in the new era than the smaller South American republics now have in the Western Hemisphere. This is the political outcome of the world-transformation, so far as Germany is an interested party.*

Without being a prophet, one can reasonably infer certain economic consequences for Germany. Drawing our conclusions from the logic of the situation, seeing the distribution of political power as it stands to-day, and as we have just described it, it behooves us speedily to choose one side or the other, unless we want to make our country a mere field of battle for these fighting rivals. The first serious conflict in the economic field, so far as we are concerned, lies between Western and Eastern Europe, although greater and more far-reaching rivalries may eventually arise between Japan and America than between Russia and the rest of our own Continent.

The only true statesmen of surpassing greatness whom the new period of history has produced are Lenin and Trotzky. They have more comprehension, and at least as much vigor, in their little fingers as men of the Lloyd

George and Clemenceau type have in their whole bodies. These two Russians are clearly called upon by fate to destroy utterly the old economic system. In comparison with them our German leaders like Ebert, Scheidemann, and Erzberger, are merely clumsy and blundering apprentices. The latter are trying to master the chaos which overwhelms us with the tools of an outlived system; the shrewder Russians are substituting a new ideal for our bankrupt materialism. It is no longer sensible for us to make a bugaboo of Bolshevism, to frighten children. That system has shown its vitality and ability to survive for more than two eventful years. It will be wiser for us to study its nature carefully, in order that we may accommodate ourselves to its demands when the day arrives. We may adopt it, somewhat modified and accommodated to our conditions here in Germany, or we may be the middlemen who mediate between it and the remnants of the old system still surviving in Western Europe.

Russia has hitherto sought with considerable success to substitute for capitalism and its purely material philosophy a higher Christian ideal of the service of the individual for the community. Russia has resources which have been lying fallow and unexploited for several years. It is deeply in debt to the Old World. Consequently it is not doctrinaire stupidity, but wise statesmanship, for Lenin and Trotzky to substitute actual service for credit, and labor and the products of labor for money. We, ourselves, hopelessly in debt as we are, might derive great profit by likewise adopting this new Russian theory of value. To make labor and physical wealth the only currency would be an act of self-liberation, assuming, of course, that we have the power and authority to put

our decisions into practice. Possibly such a measure would be agreeable even to our enemies; for they have already insisted upon payments to them in kind and not in money. In deciding the question, capitalism or Communism, we make the choice between the service of the individual for the individual, and the service of the individual for the community. Practically, we face the question, are we to substitute communal labor in place of private employers?

Apparently it will be an easy question for us to answer, because, as matters stand to-day, the system of private employment means working for foreign employers, practically as serfs. Even during the war we frequently heard workingmen say: 'It makes no difference to me whether I work for an Englishman or a German, providing I am well paid.' To-day the German revolution has become in fact nothing more than a wage-agitation in a bankrupt country. If we stick to the system of private employment, we may thereby bury our national existence for three generations. The entire excess-product of our labor will be used for the profit, not of ourselves, but of our momentary conquerors. We shall have the right merely to the three primitive necessities of existence and production: food, clothing, and shelter. Our enemies will take everything else; and no matter how mildly the Peace of Versailles is applied, the survival of a real German civilization is made impossible.

So we may properly ask whether Bolshevism might not enable us to preserve our national culture, and to live quite as well in a modest way as we should under a system of private employment controlled by our enemies. There is no doubt but what we must answer this in the affirmative. If we adopt Bolshevism, with certain modifications, we must first be assured

whether the new system is to be operated by us as free men or as slaves. Bolshevism means freedom: the present capitalist system means slavery under our enemies. There may be differences of opinion as to the form of Bolshevism which will serve Germany best. There is no sense in arguing over the expression 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' We are a nation of proletarians, thanks to our last war and our revolution. The only question is: Shall we proclaim a dictatorship of the proletariat of manual laborers over the proletariat of brain-workers? To-day that would certainly mean the death of German civilization.

But the question is quite a different one, if we proclaim a dictatorship of the brain-working proletariat over the manual-working proletariat. This too, however, we must unconditionally reject. The only proper solution is to give both parties equal rights. There is no good reason, if we search matters to the bottom, why brain work should be above manual work. A poor lawyer is not half so useful as a skillful artisan. The value of a service alone ought to decide its reward. If all the people in our country labor honestly, we shall get along quite well with eight hours, assuming that we limit our governmental machinery to what is absolutely necessary, and simplify political and industrial administration. Every person who is incapable of physical labor, but can perform some mental service, may still be made useful to the community. It would go beyond the limits of our article to describe just how this system can be put into practice. Its immediate urgency, however, is obvious.

There now remains to be considered only the effect of the World War and the revolution upon Germany and its neighbors. The direct influence of the war will be to bring different nationalities into closer contact, and to clear the

road for more intelligent international coöperation than ever existed in times of peace. Chauvinism may lose prestige when its supporters at last learn that they themselves are the ones who suffer most from war.

Therefore, unless the nationalist enemies of society succeed in undermining the new-born recognition of common interests among nations, and in exciting governments to renewed hostility, mutual interests are likely to increase our dependence on each other. Life-and-death combats between political communities are no less horrible and disgusting than life-and-death combats between private citizens. Only compulsion makes men evil, and destroys their sense of the value and dignity of human life. It is immaterial whether the struggle for existence be a physical one, fought with machine-guns, or an intellectual one, fought with lies and slander; whether it uses the German tactics of curses and clubs, or the English tactics of Bibles and blockades. The former have become somewhat unpopular for the time being; the latter may continue to be employed until our over-populated continent has abundant room for its diminished dwellers. Opinions may differ as to the desirability of the latter outcome, but it surely is a crime to sacrifice the life and health of human beings to maintain unwholesome luxury, and to support a civilization whose highest aim is material enjoyment. The atrocities in the Belgian Congo were an example of barbarism; labor conditions in the sulphur-mines of Italy and Germany are equally examples of barbarism. Neither of these abominations, however, is more barbarous than conditions in the French Foreign Legion; or than dooming to slow starvation hundreds of thousands of innocent German or Russian women and children by an English blockade.

For the time being, therefore, our wars will not be fought with military weapons. The coming conflicts between the East and West presumably will not be conflicts of arms. If necessary, starvation *en masse* will do the work formerly done by armies.

Here the question arises as to how far the new Russian ideal is likely to infect Old Europe. Conditions are most favorable for its spread at present in Austria and Germany, which have nothing to lose and are driven by necessity into the arms of those who can feed them best. Competition between capitalism and Bolshevism will accordingly develop next in Germany, and that system will win which can back its claims with the most abundant food. This may sound ridiculous, but it is the literal truth. We Germans should not deceive ourselves, however, with the fancy that we shall be fed in either case from disinterested motives. Compound interest will be exacted from us by capitalism, if that system feeds us. The Bolsheviks will send us food from holy fanaticism, expecting us in return to become propagandists of their cause. In the long run, beyond all question, the spirit of the propagandist will conquer the spirit of commercial gain. We Germans are already agreed that the national character of the Russians is much better than that of our western conquerors. With our rapidly increasing impoverishment we are therefore ripe for Bolshevism. When we have nothing more to lose, Communism becomes inevitably the form of government to adopt. The seed is being scattered without our aid.

It is impossible to say as yet how far Bolshevism will conquer Europe. We know, however, that Spain, France, and, above all, Italy, afford a better soil for it than superficial appearances might indicate. Islam is ready to welcome the new doctrine. Buddhism also

opens its gates. The flames which have already spread over half of Asia are now lapping the foundations of all its ancient governments. Below the surface the fire is spreading to China, India, Central Asia, Persia, and Egypt. Apparently the Soviet Republic is inclined toward peace in order to drive its mines deeper beneath England's most valuable possessions. England has offered an insincere peace, having failed in its direct attack on Russia and being intimidated by Bolshevik propaganda in the Orient. Neither party, however, honestly intends to withdraw. The flood of forged British bank-notes arriving from the East proves that the rulers of Moscow will not relax their efforts so long as England stands as the defender of the capitalist system. The first victim of Bolshevik success will be the British Empire.

As yet, however, the struggle between capitalism and Bolshevism is

merely in the skirmish stage. The real exponent of the capitalist theory is not England, but America. The native land of Bolshevism is not Greek Catholic Russia, but Buddhist Asia. The ancient continent is rallying its forces slowly and unconsciously for its great struggle with the New World. The doctrine of sacrifice and service for the community is stirring the ancient cradles of Christianity. For the time being, greater Catholic Russia champions this ideal in Asia. Apparently Islam is about to become a convert, but the final combatants will not be Russia and England, but Japan and America.

We cannot predict what the outcome will be. We may be certain, however, that the idealism of the Orient cannot be overcome except by an idealism of equal purity—perhaps by the spirit of primitive Christianity, but certainly not by the brutal materialism of the present.

[*La Vanguardia* (Barcelona Clerical and Financial Daily), May 4]

AN ATTEMPT TO INTERPRET RUSSIA

BY 'DEMONAX'

BEAR well in mind this fact: all that you have heard regarding Bolshevism,—which God confound!—from the time this word found a place in the vocabulary of nations, is inaccurate. It is untrue, either because absolutely false, or because exaggerated, or because of the passion which moved the speaker or writer. It is untrue because generally every prevalent belief regarding Russia is false, because very few people have ever studied that people and country deeply enough, and

because, above all, it is impossible to apply Occidental standards to the events and personages of that land. Bear with me while I repeat once more: all that circulates in the conversations of men, in the press, and in books about Bolshevism, is either exaggerated or false.

For many, many years Europe discussed Nihilism; a whole literature grew up regarding it. Now the truth is, there never was a Nihilistic party or Nihilist sect in Russia, and Nihilism as

understood abroad was unknown in that country. Turgenieff, the Russian novelist, who spent the greater part of his life in Paris, and wrote with equal facility in French and Russian, invented the term. Someone took it up and made a reputation as an original thinker. So behold! Nihilism now holds a place among modern Utopias. Any honest-minded sociologist who visited Russia to study this phenomenon on the spot speedily became convinced that it was a country without Nihilism. The creed became submerged in a vast bog of literary interpretation; what could not be explained was cast into formulas which were accepted as axioms.

Russian history is still an unexplored field, even for students of that science. For instance, Ivan the Terrible is described as a sort of horrible savage. His very name inspires aversion. None the less that Tsar was more liberal than many other monarchs of his age. He opened the ports of Russia to foreign merchants; he tried to bring the blessings of European civilization to his people. He was the real pioneer of the reforms completed by Peter the Great; while the latter monarch, with all his ability, was cruel, vicious, a drunkard, and an unexampled tyrant. Russia presents the most extraordinary contradictions, the most incredible contrasts, the most incomprehensible aberrations from reason.

All this is logical when we consider the matter more carefully. The difficulty is with ourselves. A Russian revolution could not obey the same laws as other revolutions. Catherine II corresponded with the French encyclopedists, and when the Vatican decreed the suppression of the Jesuits, the Empress afforded them refuge, protected and rescued them, in the name of freedom of belief. Nicholas I — a typical autocrat, if there ever was one — pro-

moted liberal thought. The Russian students who imported from foreign universities the revolutionary ideas of France, and constructed from them a dogma of national regeneration, did not perceive that at bottom the traditional institutions of Russia were more liberal than the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

Russian society was divided into two great castes, the nobles and the peasants. From the first came the great dignitaries of the court, military officers, higher officials, and the country squires. From the second class came the merchants, the soldiers, domestic servants, country priests, members of the monastic orders, and the lower officers of the church. There arrived a time when, with the progress of education introduced by Nicholas I, the scions of the nobility and the children of the peasant clergy met in academic halls. For the first time the two extremes of society came into personal contact. The Tsar, inspired by the best of intentions, had sown the seed of revolution in his own realm. Then dawned heroic days. That great liberal movement which began in the reign of Nicholas I, expanded under Alexander II, and continued into the reign of Alexander III, was different in one respect from any similar movement in other countries. It was not the serf who fought to break his chains; it was not the proletarian who demanded comforts and privileges; it was not the commons whose voice rose in thunder from the lower ranks of society. It was the favorites of fortune, the men who had only to ask in order to possess, who sacrificed their wealth and standing, who suffered exile and torture, for those who were silent in their distress. Joined with these leaders from the nobility were humble scholars, especially the children of the country priests and lower members of the

civil service. It is not necessary to cite the names. You will find them — and many indeed of illustrious family — in any of the numerous books on this subject. In those days the revolution was preëminently Russian. It had no selfish aims. In the heart of its champions burned such fires of heroic patriotism, that any sacrifice seemed to them a trifle.

They sought to redeem the Russian people. In their opinion the existing social structure could not continue. It must be destroyed to the very foundation. But this did not solve the problem. After destruction must follow reconstruction. But here the revolution had no programme. The need of destruction was so glaring, that it blinded their eyes to what must follow. Beyond that point their programme was lost in shadows. *What Shall We Do?* is the title of a novel by Chernekevsky which deeply troubled the minds and consciences of these reformers. *What shall we do?* — this formidable question became a sort of despairing war-cry. It reëchoed through every project of revolt.

The secret power of the revolution thereupon began a life-and-death struggle with the invisible power of the Ochrana — bureaucracy's ominous secret police. The devotees whose vision was fixed upon a national millennium rejected no measure to defend themselves against that mysterious, implacable, essentially negative enemy. The struggle was unequal. To the definite determination to suppress the revolution the reformers could oppose nothing concrete and actual.

The revolution, in default of a positive plan for reconstruction, took refuge in blind faith in *Avos*, a word which lacks an equivalent in other tongues. It means fate, abstract destiny, providence, doom, the unpredictable, something that is not the out-

come of reason or plan. It is a convenient term for those who would avoid thought; but as a remedy it is chimerical. As a result of this vagueness of object, the movement degenerated and heroism waned. The champions of the golden era disappeared on the scaffold, in exile, or from old age. Bakounin saw one after another of its most ardent disciples fall. Krapotkin still lives as a memory; Vera Sasulich is another survivor of that group, who has lost her wealth and lives in obscurity, almost on charity. The sublime ideals, the spirit of martyrdom, the devotion of sacrifice, the fire of altruism, and the moral courage characteristic of the earlier phase of the revolution paled.

During the reign of Alexander III the revolution entered the second phase. It abandoned literary and philosophic fields, discarded its mysticism, and entered the arena of practical politics. The fair phrases of the pioneers were still heard, but they were only phrases. The practical programme changed. Revolution became a business. The great visionaries of the earlier day retired from the scene. A new generation tempered its ardor and accepted employment in the police, the civil service, or in parish work, in order to earn a living. Geneva, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, all contained colonies of Siberian exiles, who either had never been in Siberia, or had courted deportation thither that they might acquire the prestige of exile. The latter was not difficult to accomplish. Men who wished to escape were permitted to do so, freely. Committees were organized in other countries to aid these parasites, among whom, let us say in passing, the Tsar's police recruited all its spies and agents.

Then came the disorders of 1905, during the war with Japan. No hero, no leader arose. The men behind the

movement kept prudently in the background, waiting for the victory they anticipated, to appear at the front and claim the booty. Those who came boldly forward at the critical moment were actually in the pay of the imperial police.

The declaration of war in August, 1914, forestalled a revolution which was on the point of breaking out. That revolution inevitably would have suffered the same fate as the one of 1905. Provocative agents were stirring up the skilled workers, who form but a small element in that country. The trouble had actually started with a strike in the Putilof works, in Petrograd. But the government really feared another phase of this agitation, which had spread among the peasants, and promised them all free land. Russia at this time did not have a sincere revolutionary organization, and the instigators of the movement, who kept themselves in hiding, were mostly shady characters with an eye to the main chance. A few Cossack detachments would have made short work of these disturbing elements. The attitude of the radicals in the Duma helped to encourage this superficial agitation, which had no concrete object and no well-defined programme. When the war broke out, the Russian revolutionists had little more in view than a reign of pillage. Their creed consisted simply in appropriating the wealth of others.

Associated with the general mobilization in Russia was a very radical measure—the prohibition of alcoholic beverages. The stupefaction of the Russians was unbounded, when, on the very day they were called to the colors, they found the vodka dispensaries locked. The common people were paralyzed with astonishment. They stood like statues in front of the closed drinking-places. Even when they saw the fact before their eyes, they could not

believe it. But the Tsar had so ordered. The power of the Tsar thus to change the whole course of their lives by a single ukase, wiping out at a stroke the most deeply-rooted custom of the nation, overwhelmed the people. It was an act which impressed them profoundly with his omnipotence. From that moment revolution became for the time being impossible. The masses obeyed the order to mobilize with passive resignation, and a mighty army assembled without a ripple of disorder. Revolutionary machinery ceased to function as soon as its motive force—alcohol—vanished.

From this moment the sole hope of the agitators lay in the possibility of a Russian military disaster. They sided with the Germans. They whispered that Germany would aid them to overthrow the Tsar; that the triumph of the Central Powers would be the triumph of the Russian revolution. Shrewd, intriguing exiles in Berlin, Vienna, and Geneva had not concealed their favor for Germany even before the war. That country and Austria recruited some of their ablest spies among these circles. Not a few of the propagandists and exiles residing in the war-zone were subsequently detected in the very act of conveying information to the enemy, and were summarily executed. While the war continued, however, this revolutionary agitation was mainly abroad. A Russian-German periodical in Berlin, the *Russkaya Vestnik* (Russian Messenger) was circulated widely in Europe and America, and was subsidized by the German secret service. It was edited by Russian exiles, some of whom have since become prominent in the Bolshevik government.

A number of these gentlemen worked as translators and writers on the large dailies of Berlin and Vienna. Lenin himself contributed articles to the

Berne *Tagwart*, a furiously anti-Russian newspaper. That fact did not prevent his receiving a monthly salary for certain political services which he continued to perform for the Russian Legation in Switzerland. This propaganda extended to France, England, and the United States, employing both newspaper and official channels.

This revolutionary agitation reached its greatest height, however, in the countries hostile to Germany. Its favorite device was imputing to the Tsar a desire to make a separate peace. The Allies became convinced that this was the case. One agent of the French government after another appeared at Russia's Grand Headquarters, ostensibly to bring congratulations or good wishes to her great ally. But the real object of these gentlemen was to discover what Russia really proposed to do and to checkmate the supposed pacifist intrigues of the Imperial family. General Pau's visit in the spring of 1915, and the visit of General Amade the same summer, were inspired by these suspicions on the part of the Entente. The men who themselves betrayed the cause of Russia painted the Tsar as a man ready for any treason. They played up the German ancestry of the Tsarina. French, British, Italian, Belgian, and American diplomats did not disdain to circulate these rumors. In the Allied Foreign Offices the idea that Russia might be induced to make a separate peace with the Central Empires became an article of faith. Thus the minds of Entente diplomats were prepared to receive the dogma that the Tsar must be de-throned, or at least placed under guardianship.

Beyond question, Germany sought such a peace; three efforts were made to procure one. The first took place through the court. The Grand Duke of Hesse, brother of the Tsarina, ar-

rived in Petrograd *incognito* in March, 1915. He registered thus at the Hôtel d'Europe. His sister received him at Tsarskoe Selo, but the Tsar, in order to avoid an interview, hurried away to the headquarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievich, in Varanovich.

A few days later the German prince returned to Copenhagen; whereupon a second attempt was made through financial channels. Mr. Vishdegradsky, director of the Bank of International Commerce of Petrograd, representing the powerful Mendelssohn German banking *consortium*, schemed to have all the bankers of Russia join in an effort to procure a peace with economic concessions. These efforts were no secret. The Russian press reported them and discussed them.

The third effort was of a political nature and coincided with the visit of the Russian Duma members to Allied countries in 1916. It will be recalled that Protopopoff had several interviews with the German minister in Stockholm. These have been referred to on numerous occasions. But neither Protopopoff nor Vishdegradsky nor the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt found their reception favorable.

Defeated in these three attempts, the Germans adopted a policy of watchful waiting. They knew every step in the anti-Tsarist campaign being prosecuted by Entente diplomats and newspapers. Their spies reported even the minutest details of what was going on among the radical groups in Paris, and among the Constitutional Democrats in Petrograd. They had copies of all the reports exchanged between those groups and the Russian revolutionists in Berlin; they had nothing to do but to await events.

It was quite impossible for Germany to control the precise date of the revolution; but one fact stood out before all

others. A Russian revolution would inevitably weaken or destroy the military effectiveness of that country. Recognizing that it was impossible to make a separate peace with the Tsar's government, it was the most natural thing in the world for the Central Powers to scheme for an opportunity to make such a peace with a revolutionary Russian government. That was the programme of the Wilhelmstrasse diplomats. Buchanan and Paleologue, the Ambassadors respectively of Great Britain and France at Petrograd, worked industriously to bring about that result, without considering what a favor they were thereby doing Germany.

A mysterious and enigmatic personage, who had remained in obscurity up to 1914, suddenly became prominent in the public eye during the closing years of the Tsar's régime. Without referring to anything that has been written on this subject, and limiting myself to my personal observations, for I knew the man well, I will tell you who Rasputin was.

Our first meeting occurred by chance in 1914, when a friend took me to the studio of the sculptor Arondson in Petrograd, just when Gregory Rasputin was having a sitting. At that time this man was one of the notables of the hour, and Arondson proposed to exhibit his bust at the annual exposition of the Petrograd Academy of Fine Arts. Rasputin, as I then saw him, by no means impressed me in the way I anticipated from the accounts which I had previously received. I could not see anything remarkable in him. His gaze was shifty and elusive — indeed, quite the reverse of hypnotic. The more I studied him, the more difficulty I had in finding anything peculiar or extraordinary about the man. He was essentially of a vulgar type: tall, corpulent, narrow-shouldered, with small

eyes, a scraggy beard, unkempt hair, and great bony hands. He wore a blouse of black cloth, such as is usually worn by peasants and tradesmen, which might give strangers who saw him thus represented in pictures, the impression of a monk or priest. In a word, he was a typical Siberian mujik, like a million others one might meet. His reputation as a man of uncanny psychic power was not due to his appearance, but to a legend which had gradually grown up around him.

What was the origin of this legend? In the Tsar's Crimean palace of Livadia, where the royal family used to spend the winter, a laundress was employed, who was a native of Prokroshka, a village in the province of Tomsk. The Tsar's daughters enjoyed talking with her, and hearing her tell stories of Siberia. This woman frequently mentioned her brother as a man famous for the wonderful cures he made. He was a typical village quack. There is not a hamlet in all Russia, particularly in the more sparsely settled districts, which has not one or more such charlatans. Their therapeutic administrations consist in giving their patients mysterious drugs and pronouncing over them some jargon formula, incomprehensible to the listeners. The common people have more faith in these practitioners than in the best-trained doctors.

This laundress sent a good share of her earnings to her brother; and the latter was always importuning her for money. Especially did his requests become more exigent after he discovered that the good woman was intimate with the daughters of the Tsar. One day he announced to his sister that he expected to visit Livadia at an early date. The news caused a sensation in the Tsar's family, who found life rather monotonous, with little public business, few dances, rare visitors,

and practically no formal social doings. Consequently, the expected arrival of the Siberian healer, brother of a humble serving-woman, assumed the proportions of a real event.

The Tsarina and her daughters received the strange guest with lively curiosity. Gregory Rasputin, although a rude, ignorant man, had a peasant's shrewdness. He quickly detected the effect he had produced, and improved it to the utmost. He confirmed with additions all the stories his sister had told. In the courtly circles of Livadia the familiarity which the younger members of the royal family acquired with the common people was considered part of their official education. Rasputin, the rough villager, unkempt, his finger-nails in mourning, his language betraying the coarse idiom of the peasants, represented the common people. At Tsarskoe Selo, or Peterhof, or the Winter Palace, the common people were very remote and indistinct. At the end of a few weeks Rasputin left Livadia with his purse stuffed with rubles. Arriving at home, he wrote to the grand duchesses, thanking them for their kindness. They replied. This correspondence was kept up at intervals. The idea of exchanging letters with an ignorant Siberian peasant had the spice of novelty and variety for the ladies of the court. It seemed to acquire the dignity of a symbol.

About this time occurred the mysterious illness of the Tsar's only son, which the physicians were never able properly to explain. In default of science, recourse was had to the miracles of religion. Why not consult this village healer who had made such wonderful cures? So Gregory Rasputin set out for Tsarskoe Selo at the express invitation of the Tsarina. He examined the little prince, made passes over him, uttered a few mysterious

phrases, and prayed. By a singular coincidence the child's health improved. Rasputin's position was thus established, and his reputation rapidly increased. The Tsarina and the grand duchesses, together with their flattering courtiers, of a sudden became deeply absorbed in this pseudomysticism. Rasputin became an intimate in the Imperial family.

At this time the Tsarina was subject to violent nervous crises, which had made it necessary to consider placing her in a monastery, or a hospital for mental diseases. Her abnormal neurotic state was attributed to the fact that the Tsar had exiled Count Brobinsky from the court. The story goes that a little group of people about the Tsarina succeeded in substituting the influence of Rasputin for that of the Count. The difference between the two men was enormous. The first was a gallant soldier, a man of the world, and scion of a noble family. The second was the reverse of all these things. Perhaps the very violence of the contrast between the two men had its effect. In view of the scandal that followed, Rasputin was sent back to his native village by higher orders. But those who employed him as their tool to extract favors from the Tsarina, succeeded in creating the belief that his presence was indispensable for the health of the young prince, and that after he left, the latter's condition was becoming worse.

In truth, not long after Rasputin left for Siberia, an alarming turn did occur in the condition of the young patient. This seemed to confirm the argument of his supporters. Rasputin came back to Tsarskoe Selo more influential than ever. He took up his residence in a neighboring house, instead of living at the palace.

I shall not tarry over the events that

followed: the bitter controversy between Rasputin and the Metropolitan Heliodorus, and the assassination of the latter by a young man in 1914. I shall pass over the controversies caused by the interference of this favorite in public affairs, and the ugly rumors that circulated in high social circles. The war suddenly plunged this unprepossessing, unpropitious person into obscurity. But his eclipse did not last long. The little palace clique about the Tsarina made Rasputin its tool. The press of Petrograd took alarm; and the censorship, usually so rigorous in all that concerned the court, was strangely lenient toward its attacks upon the peasant favorite. Rasputin thus came to be a national danger.

But this Siberian peasant, flattered in high places, believed himself omnipotent. One day he telegraphed to the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the army, that he proposed to come and bless the army in the field. The Grand Duke wired back from Varanovich: 'Come, I shall be delighted to hang you.' The mortal hatred which Rasputin conceived toward Nicholas Nicholaievich as a result of this was not surprising.

On another occasion Rasputin presented himself unexpectedly at the Imperial Grand Headquarters, in Mozhilev. The police conducted him back to Tsarskoe Selo. His phenomenal influence was easy to explain. It was not due to his personal qualities, but to the all-powerful favor of the Tsarina. Any request made of her through Rasputin was sure to be granted. Although she did not have direct control of public business, her wishes received great consideration from ministers, counselors, and generals. Her relations with her husband were limited to those demanded by official good form. All the stories of her baneful influence over her husband are pure fiction. The

Tsar lived at the *Stavka*, or imperial military headquarters, the life of a soldier, while the Tsarina at Tsarskoe Selo was a victim to her hysterical crises, and the plaything of the infernal cunning of Virabova, her maid of honor, and of the crude savage instincts of Rasputin.

Legend made of the latter an ominous man of mysterious personal force, endowed with unearthly and irresistible hypnotic power. In reality I never had an acquaintance who was more ordinary, or more ignorant, or more bestially vulgar. It is a common failing to attribute exceptional endowments to men who suddenly rise through some freak of fortune to high favor and honors. This was particularly true of the men who acquired influence with the rulers of Russia. Recall Mentchikof, a simple pastry cook's apprentice, who became a favorite of Peter the Great. Is he not enrolled among the greatest generals of his time? Chafirof, an ignorant, ill-mannered Jew, was another favorite of Peter the Great. And was he not received at the court of Louis XV of France as a remarkable diplomat? And did not Elizabeth I make her favorite Razunovsky, who had been but an acolyte in a monastery at Kieff, the first minister of her realm? And did she not at a stroke promote this man's two brothers, one to be Ambassador to Vienna, and the other to be President of the Academy of Science at Petrograd when he was but eighteen years of age? However, the favorites of the populace receive just as surprising promotions as those of the autocrats. Kerensky, a cheap, insignificant, local political boss, was proclaimed an illustrious statesman, comparable with Napoleon and Carnot. His supporters would ask fatuously: 'Is it not proof of Kerensky's surpassing ability that he is virtual dictator of the vast realm of Russia?'

Reduced to his true dimensions, Kerensky has now been deflated to his true value as a little errand-boy. Almost any day we may get the true measure of Lenin, whom some hail as new redeemer, and others modestly rank—as, for instance, Deputy Labriola recently did in the Italian Parliament—as the greatest statesman of modern times. These legends about public men spring up and expand their reputations to enormous proportions; whereupon they burst, like the frog in the fable.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), May 27]

THE TERROR IN BUDAPEST

BY DR. WILLIAM FORGO

LET me say, first of all, that I came to Budapest a few weeks ago without any intention of studying or describing the horrible scenes of which I have been an unwilling witness. I went as an agent to inspect our Swiss welfare work in that city, and to visit some relatives and friends whom I had not seen for a long period. So I arrived at the former beautiful and merry Hungarian metropolis without any prejudices upon the former subject.

At the office, and in the course of private calls, I soon began to hear incredibly horrible accounts of atrocities, violence, murders, incessant murders, overcrowded prisons, and mysterious disappearances. What struck me most was that no one seemed able or willing to suggest who was committing these crimes, simply referring to them as tools of other people clad in officers' cast-off uniforms. I was still skeptical, and the more so because no one could give me a satisfactory answer as to Admiral Horthy's connection with these incidents. Usually my inquiries on this point were answered merely

with a silent shake of the head. In confidential conversation, where no third parties were present, one man would say: 'Horthy is himself the bloodhound who orders these atrocities.' Another would tell me with equal conviction: 'Horthy would like to prevent them, but he is a weak man and does whatever the officers demand.' Still a third person said: 'Horthy does not know anything about what is going on, and pays no attention to anything but the Entente Missions, whose members he is trying to keep in good humor.'

In a country where so much difference of opinion exists with regard to the head of the government, it is natural that conflicting stories should circulate regarding other things.

It was only a couple of days after my arrival that I began to see the situation for myself. The first case was a great group of old gray-haired men, with women and children, all apparently in the most distressing condition, surrounded by soldiers in complete equipment, with steel helmets. The men were clearly Jews. I asked what was being done with them. A bystander told me that they were war profiteers. I inquired: 'Those little children from six to eight years old, and the women and young girls?'

'They take them all together, else the rest would become a public burden.'

I met a number of such processions, noting each time that the men were obviously Jews. They told me that these were refugees who had come from Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania, and the occupied territories of former Hungary. They were to be taken to a point the full name of which I cannot recall. It is not far from Budapest; and I was credibly told that it was more famous for its beatings than for its rations.

About eight o'clock at night the

street-cars stop running. After darkness falls, pedestrians flee the streets. A person forced to go out at that time always takes a cab, but very few can afford such a luxury. To venture out on foot is to endanger one's life. The very day I made my inquiries, a journalist named Batazceki was beaten and left half dead in front of his residence. Probably he would have been murdered had he been a Jew.

You may wonder how such things can happen, especially when there is a policeman with a rifle and fixed bayonet at every street-corner. But when these armed guards hear the noise of a fight or assault, or are appealed to for help, they do nothing if they see that 'officers are involved.' They will tell you that they have no authority to interfere in affairs in which army men participate. This was the reply I personally received from a policeman when I heard shrieks of help from a side street. If I had not had an American passport ready to thrust under the nose of every man who accosted me, I should hardly be here to tell the story. The terror which the police and soldiers inspire is so intense that the spectators of a criminal assault or murder do not dare to protest. But an American passport is respected in Budapest to-day. It is a riddle why that should be; but it is a fact.

Let me give just one more personal experience, to show the brutish savagery which reigns in Budapest. At eleven o'clock of the night of April 26, I heard from my room, in one of the best hotels in the city, repeated shrieks. Every moment they became more piercing and horrifying. I stepped out on my balcony. The street seemed absolutely deserted, but the shrieking continued. At midnight it suddenly ceased. I could not sleep afterwards, and got up early the next morning, when the night porter was

still at his post. I asked him if he had heard the shrieking. He said it was probably a drunken fight. That evening I learned from an authoritative source, which I cannot give because it might lead to the death of my informant, that the night porter had made the following report to the hotel management: 'About ten o'clock last night two of the officers living at the hotel brought two men into the hotel, took them to room Number 19, and there beat them unmercifully. Later I saw the men who had been beaten carried out of the hotel by soldiers and taken to the barracks.' Who these men were, whether they will ever be visible again, are questions which no one ventures to ask. However, two days previously two journalists mysteriously disappeared, whose bodies were discovered shortly afterwards. Probably these victims fared no better.

Notwithstanding this, the Allied Missions report everything lovely in Budapest. They are backing up Horthy's régime — perhaps guaranteeing the big money that some of his officials are making. A man in Budapest told me that he personally had bought two carloads of provisions directly from an officer belonging to one of these missions, and that these provisions, ostensibly for the mission, having been received free of freight and free of duty, were acquired at a very low price. Naturally such a mission makes reassuring reports.

[*Lokal Anzeiger* (Berlin Conservative Daily), May 18]

SWORDS AND PLOUGHSHARES

By DR. H. WINCKLER

OUR disarmament is approaching completion. Not only have our military forces been reduced from several millions to two hundred thousand; not

only have we delivered vast quantities of munitions to our recent enemies or else destroyed them, but we have made considerable progress with a still greater task — one of the most difficult tasks which the government of a conquered country has ever faced. A vast number of our arsenals and war factories owned by the government, which have been producing arms and munitions for decades and vastly increased their capacity during the years of the war, must be immediately converted into establishments making the wares of peace. Germany will not be permitted for generations to restore them to their former uses. Our artillery works at Lippstadt, our powder factory at Hanan, our high-explosive laboratory at Siebourg, and rifle factory at Erfurd, our artillery works at Munich, our rifle factory at Amberg, our powder and munitions factory at Bachau, our explosive laboratory in Ingolstadt, our torpedo factory near Kiel, all have been forced to stop the employment in which they have been engaged for decades, and take up other lines of production.

But perhaps the greatest of all the works of this class are those at Spandau in the very suburbs of Berlin. This was the central source of equipment during peace and still more so during war. It was the largest of all our arsenals, and for that reason particularly hated by our enemies. Its gigantic buildings extended along the railway from Berlin to Nauen continuously for nearly two miles, and their area approximately equaled that of all the rest of the city. No less than 68,000 workmen were employed here at the height of the war.

These works embrace the northern and southern artillery shops; a shell factory; a factory for manufacturing gun barrels, 7.5 centimetres, 42 centimetres; a munitions and rifle factory; a powder factory occupying one half

of the whole area and a large shop and laboratory for the manufacture of high explosives, which was principally devoted to the production of fuses.

It was indeed a gigantic task to convert this establishment into one for producing peace goods. Every one of the buildings had been designed for its particular military use and equipped with machines intended solely for that purpose. These structures were arranged in a definite order to serve their original purpose, and often, as in the case of the powder works, at considerable distances from each other. Money had been lavished upon the place so that it is practically impossible to put much of the equipment to usage which will prove remunerative upon the investment. The great force of officials consisted of military specialists. They could build a new mortar perfectly, but knew nothing, for instance, of manufacturing a creamery separator. In the confusion and financial disorganization following our defeat, it was difficult to obtain competent advice as to how to handle the property; finally we took the only course which seemed practicable and converted the old Imperial Arsenal into a stock company in which the government was only a shareholder. We changed the administration from a bureaucratic one to one modeled upon that of a private company. All the clerical employees and workmen were placed on the same basis as if they were serving a private company.

Naturally opposition, friction, and complaints accompanied this radical transformation, but force of circumstances was stronger than theories or traditions. The old specialists had to make way for younger engineers trained in private industries. Some 68,000 workers were dismissed, of whom only 12,000 were reemployed, and that after a considerable interval. Those who did come back were forced

to accept a piece-work basis of payment. They were glad to do this, and are working more willingly and zealously than in most private establishments. There have been very few strikes, something quite remarkable during the recent period.

However, the reorganization of the personnel was only a minor item; it was incomparably more difficult to reorganize the physical plant. It is a miracle how much has been accomplished since the new management set about the work in May, 1919. The southern artillery works, which it would not be economical to use longer for manufacturing purposes, was converted into a warehouse. The northern artillery works, and the so-called eastern foundry, have been made into a machine shop. The western foundry and the shops for manufacturing gun barrels have been combined into steel works or locomotive repair shops and car shops. The munitions and rifle factory has been made over into a factory for the manufacture of sporting arms, which is likewise intrusted with the production of such military munitions as the government is still permitted to produce. In addition, however, these shops manufacture a variety of other metal articles, such as alarms, railway signals, horseshoes, and the like. Rather a specialty is made of building heavy harvest wagons and truck trailers. One old building is devoted to making artificial hands from electron, which is a metal still lighter than aluminum.

For the time being the premises of the powder factory are not in use, because the buildings are so widely scattered that they cannot be employed economically; but even allowing for

this, the labor already accomplished is truly surprising. A trip through the establishment reveals the fact that former continuous shops have been divided by new walls and partitions into a group of completely separate establishments. Men are busy everywhere remodeling machinery for new uses. Railway tracks are being moved and relaid. Furnaces for making crucible steel are being erected. The great buildings where cannon used to be bored are now filled with locomotives in course of repair and reconstruction. The department where shells were formerly turned is now busy making cream separators and kneading machines. In the pattern shops they are constructing wagon bodies and furniture.

Lying about the grounds, however, in great heaps, resembling the hills of slate and slack around a colliery, are mountains of useless war material ready to be remelted in the steel furnaces. There are shrapnel balls, innumerable shells, cut-up artillery barrels, broken mortars, recoiled springs, steel wire, ladders, and trench equipment. Yet notwithstanding this great abundance of scrap and waste, a shortage of raw material is frequently experienced. Here they complain that they cannot procure tin plate. At another point temporary partitions of wood have been put up because there is a shortage of cement. New machinery is not delivered in spite of urgent orders; everywhere obstacles follow on the heels of obstacles, but the first and foremost is the coal famine. If we lose the coal fields of Upper Silesia, German manufacturers east of the Elbe seem doomed to death.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY V

THE week's mail has brought quite a handful of interesting notes and letters to the editorial desk. The queerest arrival is a futurist manifesto from Italy, signed by the futurist leader, Marinetti. There is one blast against feminine luxury in dress, and another against modern syntax. In black-face type, we are seriously urged to 'destroy syntax by arranging words as one thinks of them'; we are also to abolish adjectives and adverbs, and use mathematical signs in place of punctuation signs.

'Futurist poets,' cries Signor Marinetti, 'I have advised you to hate libraries and museums. I did this in order to teach you to hate the intellect; 't is divine intuition, the characteristic gift of the Latin peoples, which must be awakened. . . . After the animal kingdom, the kingdom of machinery is at hand. Through our love and knowledge of the physico-chemical properties of matter, we are hastening the creation of the man-machine of replaceable parts, whom we shall deliver from the idea of death.'

Sometimes one wonders if the earth is not plunging through some psychic nebula of madness. Or is it simply that the age of machinery has brought about the social and psychological chaos which the artists long ago prophesied that it would bring forth? Will the end which Dean Inge sees prepared for us really overtake our so-called civilization?

Dean Inge is one of the few genuinely masculine intellects of the age; and any reader who cares to see this age of

ours pitilessly analyzed by a keen mind of the aristocratic type will do well to read *Outspoken Essays*. The book is published in America by Longmans. Just at present comments on Dean Inge's recent Romanes Lecture are to be found in the British press.

London has had several interesting musical revivals: An English opera, *Quentin Durward*, by Mr. Aleck Maclean, has been given at the Lyceum Theatre and has met with success. The critic of the *Morning Post* writes thus of the performance:

'The music is written in good, honest idiom. The style varies a good deal, but this is explained by the fact that the composer has made use of part of an early setting of the story. But in spite of a chronological divergence in the style of the music, it never fails to express great melodic charm—or to fit the situation when it becomes dramatic. With these distinguishing features Mr. Maclean combines a very complete command of orchestration and a strong sense of the appropriate. It is eminently satisfactory to find these features in a work of this kind, for it is one—it is to be hoped of many—that has been specially commissioned by that company with the object of encouraging native British opera. The performance was distinguished by the whole-heartedness of everyone concerned in it.'

Better yet, someone has revived John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, the great 'hit' of Johnson's time. New settings of the old airs and additional tunes

have been provided by Frederic Austin. The cast of characters follows.

Peachum Frederic Austin
Lockit Arthur Wynn
Macheath Frederick Ranalow
Filch Alfred Heather
The Beggar Arnold Pilbeam
Mrs. Peachum Elsie French
Polly Peachum Sylvia Nelin
Lucy Lockit Violet Marquesita
Diana Trapes Beryl Freeman
Jenny Diver Nonny Lock

Scenery and costumes designed by C. Lovat Fraser. Produced by Nigel Playfair.

The revival, one is glad to note, met with instant success. Of Mr. Austin's music a critic writes:

'Mr. Austin, who is responsible for the edition used, has done his work uncommonly well. He has preserved the atmosphere of the piece and its period. He has harmonized the tunes and written introductions to them, all in the right vein, eliminating any tendency to modernize the piece, which would have been fatal. Skill and understanding are shown in the arrangement of the music, a typical example being found in the harmonization of the beautiful air, "O ponder well"—it belongs to the sixteenth century. The instrumental medium is also exceedingly happy, for it consists of a harpsichord, strings, oboe, and flute, and is used with so much tact that it never fails to satisfy the ear.'

Let us hope that this pleasant old opera will cross the Atlantic.

PARIS has entered on duller days. The spectacle of which so much was expected, M. Maurice Verne's *Les Mille et Une Nuits*, turned out to be a disappointing bore. Gémier is to play a French version of *The Admirable Crichton*. Of the two revues, that at the Folies Bergères is thought

not up to the mark; the vaudeville's production, however, entitled *Miouusic*, has been well received.

THE Salon des Artistes Français on the *Champs Elysées*, as the Parisians say, has given a new artist to the world, who is a man of genuine genius. His name is Paul Dardé.

An article in the French *Illustration* for June 5, 1920, says of him, that he is of humble birth, and began life as a little shepherd lad in the valleys of the Cevennes. Like Giotto, he amused himself by drawing pictures and shaping the soft stone of the region into figures. One day a wandering professor happened to see these efforts, and interested Armand Dayot, the stout-hearted editor of *L'Art et les Artistes* in the boy. Under Dayot, Dardé began his career.

L'Illustration gives a full page to two of Dardé's subjects—a curious old faun, and a medusa-like head entitled *Eternal Pain*. The last is, without exception, the most tragic, terrible thing born of modern sculpture: in technique and creation it is worthy to stand beside the masters of all times. Of it *L'Illustration* goes on to say: 'This serpent-entwined head, which the catalogue calls "*L'Éternelle Douleur*," was inspired by a passage in Dante, who is, with Shakespeare and the Bible, this sometime village schoolboy's chief source of inspiration. It is the head of a woman whose cold, ghostly beauty will torture many a heart; and this head, torn from its body in the Hells, is entwined by vipers.' A perfectly terrible thing, but a thing of genius. And imagine a Frenchman inspired by the two great English sources, Shakespeare and the Bible!

A NEW life of Henry V is at hand, and there is much discussion of the

Shakespearean portrait of the hero. What an unspeakable rotter he is in those immortal pages! The very type of a third-rate bounder. And oh, the pages that have been written about 'dear mad, Prince Hal'—'dear boyish Prince Hal'—'the pattern of jolly good fellows'! Pure cant, I have always thought this, or else a cloistered scholar's inability to know what undergraduates used to call a 'mucker.' But let us look at Mr. Mowat's defense. The review comes from the pages of the *Athenaeum*.

'They say that in the fifteenth century the Middle Age went mad and mocked itself before it died. The gray austerity of the Gothic, in which six generations of men had glorified God by the chill, stern magnificence of their tall cathedrals, writhed into the rococo convolutions of the flamboyant manner, until it blossomed into that strange flower of mediæval decadence, the Sainte-Chapelle. Manners took on that air of conscious archaism which always marks the end of an age. Priests became more priestly, maidens faltered more maidishly, and knights bore themselves more knightly than they had ever been seen in the real world of priests, knights, and maidens. It is not to be wondered at that there was born into this world of deliberate mediævalism and self-conscious chivalry a king whose whole career typified to the point of travesty the royal life of the Middle Ages. Henry V, in whom a hasty posterity has been sometimes overapt to see a handy summary of the mediæval monarchs, was in reality an ingenious reconstruction of his predecessors in the heroic age. But then Posterity, poor dear, is so American: she loves epitomes, and the temptation to take Henry II, Edward III, Philip Augustus, and several Dukes of Burgundy all in one, by getting up King Henry V,

has proved too strong for her. He is, to say truth, a somewhat dubious antique. One feels all the time that he has been subjected to a drastic process of restoration. His chivalry was so much more chivalrous, his Round Table so infinitely rounder, and his castles so far more castellated than the real thing, that one may walk admiringly round him as though he were a mediæval masterpiece of that art of architectural reconstruction with which the ingenious M. Viollet-le-Duc delighted the contemporaries of Napoleon III.

'This king, if one may adopt the language of the sale-room, was Sheraton at best; and his misfortune is that he is generally sold as Chippendale. But his career, if one is free from these antiquarian scruples, forms an excellent subject for biography. After all, he lived a long time ago; 1415 was not the day before yesterday, even if it was not at the heart of the Middle Ages. Knights were very sufficiently bold then, in spite of the disturbing element introduced into the gentlemanly pastime of war by the grimy innovation of artillery; and Mr. Mowat, who has a wide range of mediæval knowledge, finds in the King's career an admirable foundation for a creditable piece of sound historical writing.

'One begins with a fine confused picture of England when Henry IV was engaged in making it, and his aristocracy was (like Penelope) unmaking it when his back was turned. One passes to the Shakespearean controversy as to the reality or otherwise of Prince Henry's wild oats: this is where one gets one's possibilities of comic relief while mild-eyed historians titter like maiden aunts over the naughtiness of princes. Mr. Mowat handles this part of his problem with skill and dignity, and when he gets Henry on the throne, his narrative

takes on a broader sweep and becomes a really valuable textbook of Anglo-French history between 1413 and 1422.

'Prince Hal (one falls inevitably into the dialect) had a birthplace which was one of those periodical concessions which the British monarchy makes to Welsh susceptibilities. He was born at Monmouth on the Welsh border, in one of those fortresses which were erected by English civilization to dam back the eastward-setting tide of Celtic barbarism; and it does infinite credit to the rapacity of Welsh tradition that he has been greeted in these circumstances as a Welsh hero. Early, perhaps too early, he went to Oxford, since the age of eleven seems unduly tender for an undergraduate, even after one has made allowance for the morbid precocity invariably displayed by heirs to the British throne. But as his residence was limited to a period of six months, the Oxford influence on his formation was of the slightest. The remainder of his education would appear to have been confined to instruction in the local color of the Middle Ages.

'His real training began when his father sent him to govern the Crown colony of Wales. Owen Glendower, who was (like most national heroes from Pym to Robespierre) a lawyer, had raised the country behind the English garrison. He possessed the rare accomplishment of causing snow in August, and his Welsh *guerilleros* enjoyed the more substantial assistance of the French, who operated from the coast, and exhibited in the interests of the Welsh that burning sympathy with small nationalities which is always experienced by the enemies of large nations. This war, and the succeeding period of feudal confusion which resulted in the elimination of the Percies from the governing

class, provided Prince Henry with his education in military statesmanship; and when he inherited the throne, he took with avidity to that recognized form of sport, a war with the French, which provided the Kings of England with an appropriate and dignified pastime before the institution of Newmarket Heath by King Charles II.

'If Mr. Mowat has a fault, it is that he is a trifle inclined as a military historian to exaggerate the intelligence of mediæval warfare. Strategy in the Middle Ages was an affair of mere collision. If a malicious fate brought the vaguely roaming armies in contact, there was a battle, and the ingenuity of generations of historians would be exercised in attributing to the respective commanders a depth and a precision of military design of which they were profoundly innocent. If, however, the collision was averted by some stroke of luck or loot, there was no battle, and the campaign is reduced in the textbooks to the rank of a mere raid. The exercise of writing military history upon these terms is an entertaining one; and we must not deny to Mr. Mowat, who is a young historian, this opportunity to place his foot upon the rungs of the professional ladder.

'With the historical problem presented by Prince Henry as *viveur*, he is even more satisfactory than when he attempts an apology for his persecution of the Lollards. One finds it difficult to see this cross between Haroun-al-Raschid and St. Louis presiding at the burning of the heretic Badby; and the fact that the prince interrupted the *auto-da-fé* in order to offer a half-charred man a pension of one and nine-pence a week for the sale of his soul cannot leave as favorable an impression on all minds as it has on that of Mr. Mowat.

P. G.'

[*The Sunday Times*]

THE PASSING OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

BY EDMUND GOSSE

THE fascination which Italy exercises over successive generations of men of Northern imagination was aptly exemplified in the character of the venerable writer whose recent death America is mourning. Mr. Howells, who has died in his eighty-fourth year, was the latest survivor of the great New England school of which Hawthorne, Holmes, and Longfellow were the apostles. He had outlived all his immediate contemporaries, and indeed the comprehension of Young America, where impressions are formed and fade with equal rapidity. Twenty years ago the death of Howells would have made a great sensation, which would have reverberated over here; but he lived to see himself transferred to the pages of manuals of American literature, and forced to compete with the mighty army of the classics, where he will continue to hold a high, though not the highest, place.

To define that place, or indicate its borders, is a task outside my capacity to-day, when my memory broods over the incidents of a friendship which blossomed long ago, and of an association which, though intimate, was brief. No more lovable visitor ever crossed the Atlantic to these shores, nor one more sensitive to amiable and delicate impressions. What was wrong with him was that he was too sensitive to the converse of these impressions, and unable to endure without pain such subtle differences as exist between English and American habits. Hence it was in Italy, which he had known

from his old consular days, that he was really most happy, whether through four years in a Gothic palace on the Grand Canal in Venice, or, later, in a Florentine villa among the olives. Lowell, whom he adored, endeavored to implant in him the love of London, to which Howells would retort by the praise of Venice. At last he learned to know and value London, also.

In 1882, he took one of those holiday years of absence which are so habitual and so sensible among professional men in America. He came to England, where he knew scarcely anybody except Lowell and Henry James, with the purpose of seeing through the press a little series of his stories issued by the late Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh. The first batch of these included *A Foregone Conclusion*, *Their Wedding Journey*, and *The Lady of the Aroostook*. The author was almost unknown here, and there was considerable anxiety as to whether the books would be well received; but their success was immediate and unquestionable. Howells arrived in the summer of 1882, and stayed, with his family, for some five months, in lodgings in Pelham Crescent, South Kensington. He came to me immediately, with a letter from a common acquaintance in New York, and a close friendship, infinitely precious to me, sprang up at once.

Howells at that time was, what he always remained, affable, gentle, and exquisitely responsive; but he possessed what those who have known him only in later years may not be so ready to

recognize—an aëry playfulness, a sort of roguishness which faded from him in years of anxiety and grief. The success of his bouquet of little novels made him something of a lion in London that autumn, and he enjoyed his literary fame with the most unaffected pleasure. I remember his saying about himself that reality always seemed to him 'more iridescent and beautiful' than anticipation, and doubtless this came from his peculiarly sensitive and apprehensive nature. Hence, in that season of 1882—having dreaded London, and feared its unseen inhabitants—we seemed to him to be a sort of angels moving in a golden glory because we were, as who could help being, enthusiastic and responsive. He was a Queen of Sheba to Lowell's Solomon. In process of time, perhaps, the beauty faded; but nothing could tarnish it in 1882, and the shine of it made him a happy man.

He said that he was torn between two homesicknesses—the longing for America and the desire to stay in Italy. The former pulled harder, and before 1884 he settled in Boston, where two years later I was his enchanted guest. My recollection of these charming relations includes the memory of endless talks about the art of writing, with the theory of which Howells was at this time particularly occupied. It was the period of what was called 'Naturalism,' and Zola had just published his violent attack on the sentimentalists called *Les Romanciers Naturalistes*. Howells was shaken by this wind of doctrine, and talked incessantly of how 'reality' was to be brought into fiction. No one read Tolstoi or Dostoevsky in those days, but Turgenev was at the height of his reputation, and Howells took him as his great exemplar, as his impeccable master. No better model than Turgenev could be found; but this was

hardly 'naturalism' in Zola's sense. Already a kind of paralyzing modesty took hold of Howells, an unwillingness to probe beneath the surface of human nature, which I take to be the cause of the relative failure of much of his later work in fiction. He wished to see everything, but he had the misfortune to be horrified at the sight of anything ugly. In this he contrasted disadvantageously with Henry James, who shrank from no exposure of human nature.

An instance of Howells's reserve occurs to me. In 1883 he was planning a novel, the scene of which was to be partly laid in Hong-Kong, and he bewailed to me that he could but faintly 'realize' the Chinese manner of life. I was aware that there had just been printed, officially, but not publicly, a report on the night-side of Hong-Kong, full of details. With some little trouble I got hold of this, and sent it out to him in Florence. Usually so precise, he surprised me by giving no sign of having received this scabrous treasure. Being pressed, he admitted that he had received it, but that it had horrified and disturbed him so much that he had burned it, and had put away from him all thought of writing about Hong-Kong.

But the person to whom human documents give so much distress is hardly fitted to be a 'realist,' or at least is confined to the surface of a Puritan society like that of New England. I was walking with him once in the dingier part of Boston, when he stopped and looked up at a very ordinary little house. 'How happy I should be,' he said, 'if I could see everything that is done and hear everything that is said in such a house as that for a week!' I made a rude suggestion about what might possibly be going on behind those dull windows. Howells did not laugh; but he put up his hand

MORE ABOUT LINCOLN

as if to ward off a blow. ‘Oh! don’t say that!’ he cried. ‘I could n’t bear it; I could n’t write a line if I thought such things were happening.’

He composed two novels of exact ob-

servation and pathetic humor, *The Rise of Silas Lapham* and *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, the latter published in 1889. These ought to keep his memory green in perpetuity.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]
MORE ABOUT LINCOLN

BY LORD CHARNWOOD

THE few recorded acts and words of Lincoln’s which can at all be associated with Anglo-American relations must wait. Only it may be said at once that he had neither that kind of heart nor that kind of brain from which international hatreds and international prejudices spring. It would not have been possible to him to regard any aggregate of human beings, such as a nation, without good-will; nor could his intellect have framed any of those generalizations which enable one people to feel superior to another people without understanding them.

Indeed, Lincoln’s supreme distinction was made up of incapacities of this sort. There is a kind of goodness — now and then amounting to astonishing greatness — which is most easily, though rather delusively described by negatives, because the correct positive terms for it sound either tame or stilted. It consists in being just humanly right in what seem at first very ordinary ways, and continuing equally right under circumstances which make it extraordinarily hard to remain so. Contrasting as they do in so many ways, the two American heroes, Washington and Lincoln, were both marked out by this illustrious form of qualities

which at first present the delusive appearance of being ordinary. They pursued a path of very plain wisdom; only they did so when hardly anybody else pursued it, and when to do so demanded in reality the greatest steadiness of head, and largeness of heart, and singleness of aim.

It may seem, for instance, in Lincoln’s case, a very commonplace political opinion to have held, that slavery ought not to be further extended in practice or sanctioned in principle, but that the constitutional rights of the South were to be respected and its inherited sentiments only temperately condemned. But, if we try to realize the changing political conditions and the shifting currents of popular feeling amid which his last ten years were passed, we discern that his unshaken maintenance of this balanced principle throughout meant genius and heroism.

This, if I may say so, is the main point of the protracted argument which recurs through a large part of my book. Fuller acquaintance with the literature of the subject and with the views of better judges than myself now furnish me with further illustrations of it; but instead of laboring the matter, I may be allowed to make a

bold and summary confession of the phases which my judgment of Lincoln has undergone. Nobody who plunges into the details of his history with a preconception that he was an heroic figure will escape a period, if only a brief period, of disillusionment. That Lincoln was in many respects a very lovable creature remains quite evident, and the loneliness of his situation awakes an increasing sympathy; but he was continually associated with transactions which were in no way dignified, and his apparent mistakes and weaknesses soon begin to seem very numerous and sometimes glaring. But there is far more than that: concerned though he was in a noble cause and a mighty struggle, the qualities—for which one looks—of high enthusiasm, bold insight, and decisive leadership, seem to be conspicuously absent just where one expects to find them.

A clergyman who lately settled in Illinois went there a vague worshiper of Lincoln; what he heard there convinced him very soon that Lincoln was a mere 'ward politician'; and this is quite intelligible, for some of the best of Lincoln's contemporaries saw little more in him than that. Yet it is quite impossible to pursue the study, obtaining at one point after another a comprehensive view of the circumstances in which Lincoln was placed, and ascertaining what were the actual alternatives before him, without finding again and again that what seemed his great mistakes were really right; and what still seem his minor mistakes become very trivial matters. It is impossible to go on without discovering further that, where enthusiasm seemed lacking, there was really an uncommon and steadily growing self-devotion to the largest good; and, where leadership was least apparent, there was profound originality and dauntless tenacity of purpose.

At any rate, the result of a very candid attempt to scrutinize Lincoln's record without condoning his faults or falsely idealizing his merits was that my estimate of him rose higher and higher as I wrote. And the result of later knowledge, which has made me very fully alive to the severest criticisms which can be passed upon him, is to place him still higher in my view. This is not my own experience alone: my instructor and fellow student, Mr. John T. Morse, has, I gather, gone through precisely the same. Moreover, I think it can be safely said that, in the calm judgment of the wisest Americans, the view of Lincoln which many of them inherited, which allowed him few great qualities beyond his unquestionable honesty, has steadily given way to a view which ranks him as one of the great statesmen of the world. This deliberate judgment as to his greatness is not that of scholars only; it is the judgment of great men of affairs who, being scholars as well as men of affairs, have tended, consciously or unconsciously, to hold him up as a pattern to themselves.

It is a familiar and well-established paradox that genius is apt to have in it something extraordinarily simple, the highest elevation of character to possess a kind of plain and homespun quality, and the truest poetry to be strangely near to common matter-of-fact. The explanation of this puzzle, if indeed we could thoroughly explain it, need not detain us here; but, of course, the peculiar charm, which belongs to Lincoln more than to most characters of history, consists in the peculiar force with which the paradox presents itself in his case. If, then, I recur often to the simple and the common in Lincoln, I shall not be misunderstood as ignoring either the complexity of his character or the force and versatility of his intellect.

I shall first, however, deal frankly with whatever in him was not merely simple, but weak, and not merely common, but slightly shabby.

Now the minor weaknesses of Lincoln's conduct, to which I am about to refer, all hang on the fact that he was a 'politician,' in the sense, not necessarily damning, but certainly far from laudatory, which that word now bears in America. He was steeped, since first he began to know either men or books, in the traditions of that political system which was coming into full force while he was a boy; and he accepted it with childlike simplicity as part, for the present, of the natural order in this very imperfect world. Many things that we call jobs seemed to him merely fair play toward the men he had been working with. Add to this that he had an immense fund of good-nature, hated to disoblige a friend or one whom he respected, and, in things short of first-rate importance, found it hard to say 'No.' Add, further, that his weakness displayed itself most fully when he first found himself saddled with a great administrative task for which no previous experience had trained him — the converse fact that his character steadily grew during his Presidency, being perhaps his greatest title to fame.

These observations bring me to the act of his official life for which least justification can be found. Generally speaking, the fresh light which the publication of contemporary memoirs throws from time to time upon any act for which he has been blamed is apt to be a favorable light; but it is, I think, otherwise with the appointment of Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania as his first Secretary of War. Cameron had the reputation of a tricky and corrupt man, and before Lincoln got rid of him the country had had to pay through the nose for his lax administration of

the War Office. Lincoln said to friends, who tried to prevent the appointment, that it was necessary to secure that support from Pennsylvania without which his administration, which needed all the strength it could gain, would have been weak. This object might have been a sufficient one, but it does not seem that this particular appointment was really necessary for the purpose, and Lincoln's rather pitiful efforts to get Cameron to withdraw his claims show that he was ill at ease on the subject.

The truth of the matter appears to be this. David Davis, the sturdy old Illinois judge who did perhaps more than any other man for Lincoln's career, and had charge of his interests at the Republican Convention which chose him as its candidate for the Presidency, had bought Cameron's support in the Convention by the promise of a seat in the Cabinet. The promise had really carried no authority from Lincoln, and, indeed, was contrary to express instructions from him. But Lincoln found it hard to stand up against the pressure of David Davis, to whom he owed so much and who was the man of greatest weight with whom he was familiar at the time. But, besides, there was a real perplexity for his conscience, since the goods had been delivered upon the strength of that promise. In the light of Cameron's subsequent achievements it is obvious that the unjust imputation of having cheated Cameron should have seemed a lesser evil than the actual making of a scandalous appointment to Cabinet office. Most presidents or prime ministers, in the like case, but with the larger experience of affairs which such men usually bring to bear on their difficulties, would instinctively have felt the danger of placing an unsatisfactory man in the War Department at such a time, and been rela-

tively callous about going back upon Davis or giving Cameron a good grievance. But the difference would have been one of training and not of morals.

However that may be, this is the exact size of the one important transaction for which Lincoln can be gravely blamed; it is pretty evident that now and again he made some bad appointments to civil offices afterwards, under more or less analogous pressure, or with the same sort of laxity partially redeemed by good-nature. But none of these appointments were important; they easily may be excused in a man sore burdened all the time with weightier cares; his military appointments, which must be mentioned later, must be criticized or defended on grounds of quite another kind. Here then is a fair sample of Lincoln at his very worst; and let any man with knowledge of his own ways of acting make the worst of it that he can.

Lincoln I have said was a 'politician'; he actually liked political combination and manœuvre, and had acquired considerable skill at that game when the issues at stake were such indifferent questions as whether the state capital should be at Springfield or at one of half a dozen other places just as well situated for the purpose, and no better. It is a dangerous sort of skill, and attributing it to a man sounds like attributing to him all manner of meanness, though in Lincoln it signified a power of dealing with men in the mass, which grew into large-minded and noble statesmanship. He was also personally ambitious in a peculiar degree. This may not be conspicuous to us from his record, but I cannot set aside the testimony which men who had known him long bore to this feature of his character. Ambition again, though certainly a man should possess it, does not sound a very amiable quality. It is only by recognizing

fully in Lincoln this neutral, if dangerous, foundation of his character,—that he was an ambitious politician,—that we can begin to see where he touched upon heights beyond the virtue of most of us.

Again and again he gladly postponed his personal chances to his strict loyalty toward a colleague or to the advantage of the cause for which he was working — in fact, the most salient instances of his skill in the base game of politics are those in which he did this very thing. Things like this are hard for any man to do; in a thoroughbred politician of great ambition they are proof — let us say advisedly — of a moral purity, which the trivial blemishes in his record only throw into higher relief. There is hardly another statesman on record of whom we do not sometimes suspect that the personal motive of rivalry, or vanity, or pique, or rancor governed his course. There is, literally, so far as I can discover, no incident in Lincoln's career in which the presence of these motives has been or can be suggested.

Harder still would it be to demand of any man that in all the embarrassments and provocations of public life his words should be undeviatingly truthful; nor does any public man easily earn such a reputation. Now this is on the whole the most striking thing in the many discussions that come to hand by fair and well-informed contemporaries on disputed points in Lincoln's life. If a statement by Lincoln comes into conflict with a statement of some other man, however honorable in the main, actual falsehood on the part of the other man presents itself as a possible solution of the puzzle, falsehood on Lincoln's part never.

But there is a rarer kind of truth. It is easy not to be a great liar, but it is very hard to be uniformly sincere in public expressions of sentiment. Many

years ago, a very true and brave English statesman, William E. Forster, visited Springfield, Illinois, for the dedication of the monument on Lincoln's grave. He was a man to whom all the pettier things in political life were supremely odious. Many things were naturally told him, in the free and friendly intercourse which he then enjoyed with many men who knew Lincoln, illustrating — very fully we may be sure — the 'ward politician' in Lincoln. In writing home he notes that they were told him, and brushes them aside as wholly unimportant beside a single anecdote of another kind of which he received first-hand evidence. In the course of the Lincoln-Douglas debates a friend criticized some intended utterance of Lincoln's. He agreed entirely with its substance, but pointed out what an excellent effect might be produced by a slightly greater warmth of expression at one point. His advice was useless. The words as they stood were what Lincoln felt, and he would rather, he said, be defeated, than mislead the people '*by a single adjective.*' Nor did he ever do so. Was there ever another public man who even aspired to reach that standard?

Innumerable reminiscences, each by itself imponderable, have combined since Lincoln's death to create for him a fame which stands in sharp contrast with the impression formed of him by his contemporaries — save a few who were exceptionally privileged in their knowledge of him or exceptionally gifted with insight. But this fame does not rest on any definite achievement so manifestly due to him that no others claim a share in it. Thus it may be worth while to go on for some pages further, dealing, as fairly as I can, with all the considerations which suggest a doubt whether he was a very great man after all. I have clearly

pointed out that there would be literal truth in classifying him as a very ambitious man willingly immersed throughout a great part of his life in the pushing and the plotting of ordinary politics. But I have also pointed out that, just when we do take Lincoln on this not very promising level, and interest ourselves in the precise circumstances of the pushing and plotting, we come upon the shining splendor of his flawless generosity, his unwavering disregard of self at every real call, his utter sincerity of thought and of speech.

This point needs no further elaboration. Very little study is needed to show him as, in these respects, a very great man, perhaps unique in history in the nobility of his clean and healthy ambition. But I may here set down one story, which is not widely known, but which, for reasons that I shall not give, I believe to be certainly true. There were occasions, although they were rare, when some very intimate friend might find Lincoln in tears of passionate grief. One of these happened shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, when he received the news that Lee had withdrawn his army safe back across the Potomac without being attacked by Meade. To the friend who discovered him in his first agony of disappointment, Lincoln explained why he felt about the matter with such intensity of personal feeling. In his anxiety to stir the excellent General Meade to risk an enterprising offensive, he had resorted to a singular step. He had sent Meade an order, signed by himself as Commander-in-Chief, to attack. He had sent with it a short private letter in which he said that no copy existed either of the order or of the letter. The reader may be left to think out the full implication of this.

It is, of course, one thing to be

great as Lincoln thus certainly was, and another thing actually to have done great work. I am about to pass to the more difficult question of exactly what he did, but should like to point out the sense in which, though he may not altogether strike us as a characteristic American, Lincoln is a national possession of his people. It has puzzled me that most, if not all, of the American books which I have read about him give no adequate answer to the questions: What did he accomplish? What were the specific services that he rendered to his country in the Civil War or before it? What did he do so well that some other man in his place would not have done it better? The baffling situation in which he constantly stood is exposed; the pungent criticisms which his policy provoked from divers quarters is abundantly set forth; and facts which gave color to those criticisms are revealed. But the criticisms are left unanswered; the tangled course of affairs is related in its bewildering intricacy; the care-worn figure of the President is left sitting at the centre and saying, 'I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me'; and in no book (unless it be the masterly little volume which Major Putnam wrote for his sons) is there a real attempt to explain why this patiently suffering person should be regarded as the hero of it all.

We may discover in him the heroic strength and the potent control of events which he himself disclaimed. Why do not his compatriot admirers more clearly point them out? I think that, when we notice the prevailing tone of their praise of him, a very good reason for this apparent want of appreciation appears. It may seem paradoxical, when we think of the less pleasing qualities which untraveled Europeans are wont, and perhaps es-

pecially at this crisis, to associate with America; but the fact is that thorough and truly patriotic Americans have no wish to put their national heroes in competition with the conquerors and potentates, the 'strong men' and the 'super-men' who occupy the chief places in the history of older peoples. It is relatively uninteresting to them that Lincoln had 'a giant's strength,' as he certainly had; but it commands their unstinted veneration that he did not 'use it like a giant.' Their national pride is content to claim Washington and Lincoln as the first great exceptions to the rule that power breeds lust of power (in a third great crisis of their history they have been less fortunate in their leader, and an ambition which appeared self-centred, ungenerous, and vindictive has been followed by a nemesis swift and implacable).

The element of gentleness, which accompanied, or indeed constituted, Lincoln's strength, has arrested popular attention and has satisfied it. Lincoln could, in fact,—so the tradition received from some who were near him tells us,—be positively awful when something cruel or meanly treacherous made him, for once in a way, angry. But fame has not fastened on that side of him; it is glory enough for the American strong man that (to speak broadly) 'no one stood in awe of Lincoln.'

But if he was a great and successful ruler of men because he was something bigger and something dearer to simple human minds than that, we need no longer doubt that, judged by more common tests, he ranks very high as a statesman. I say 'no longer' because most searching doubts have often been raised, first, as to whether he contributed any great amount of firmness or ability to the conduct of the war; secondly, as to whether in the

broad issue between slavery and freedom he contributed any exceptional elevation and enlightenment of aim. Both questions are still deserving of attention, because in truth the wisdom which he displayed in both respects was of a rare and subtle kind. I am here concerned with the first alone.

There is, fortunately, no need to follow Lincoln's war administration in great detail. There is no occasion to claim for him that he made no great mistakes in a business in which, beyond all others, except that of life itself, every man makes mistakes; and the test of him is not their rarity, but the way in which he lives them down. Presumably he made many, though it is curiously seldom that we know enough of the circumstances to be quite sure that they were mistakes. The question can, as it happens, be treated on very broad lines. For an imposing mass of criticism seems to concur in an adverse judgment upon him, but will be found on sober consideration to rest on mutually contradictory grounds. We shall find, then, that Lincoln's reputation has suffered from a mass of censure which is radically unsound. If we go a little further and take one or two instances of the sort of fault that is imputed to him, we shall find him displaying a firm grip of the essential facts in which no other man on the Northern side, except Grant, seems to compare with him.

One of the ablest and truest of his Illinois contemporaries, Lyman Trumbull, who became Republican Senator for that state when Lincoln first hoped for that office, recorded for his son a character of Lincoln in which the bulk of the keen Republicans in Congress during the war would certainly have agreed. In many points he speaks generously of his eminent lifelong rival: 'He never misled me by

word or deed. He was truthful, compassionate, and kind.' But he condemns him for 'want of system, hesitancy, and irresolution'; 'as President during a civil war he lacked executive ability and that resolution and prompt action essential to bring it to a speedy and successful close'; 'a man of more positive character, prompt and systematic action, might have accomplished the same result in half the time and with half the loss of blood and treasure.'

Beside this courageous pronouncement we might set the verdict of some military critics who, taking at its full value his patience, loyalty, and determination, are obsessed by the thought of his ignorance of war, his tendency at one time to interfere, his appointments of 'political' generals, and his occasional discord with trained commanders. In reality the two destroy each other.

Lincoln's political critics on his own side, like Mr. Trumbull, suffered from an illusion, common in similar cases, that a sufficiently enthusiastic and impulsive partisan could have finished the war 'in half the time,' as it were by one blast of his mouth. This idea, which dominates half the criticism of Lincoln, was, seriously, all folly. The conquest of the South, which alone could achieve their real purpose, was, as every military historian clearly sees, a stupendous enterprise. The only very good military advice which for a long time Lincoln had at his command was that of the aged Scott. Scott from the first saw the gigantic nature of the task. Lincoln saw it, too, though he saw just one thing more—that the fighting spirit of the North could not be held in leash indefinitely. The prompt and decisive action which was to end the war was a mere dream. Unhappily, too, the prompt and capable commanders, of

the calibre of Lee, who were to carry out this action were also non-existent. Lincoln through half the war was contending with a terrible disadvantage. He had no lack of generals at hand who were energetic, or who were professionally competent, or who were honest and patriotic; but he had none who were all three. The notion which Mr. Trumbull and others entertained, that Lincoln had only to get rid of military pedants and appoint good, rousing, practical men who were sound politically, was found, in sufficient instances, a disastrous mistake. They associated his continued employment of real though mediocre soldiers, on a task which eventually proved hard for great soldiers, with the political caution which made him at the same time nurse the susceptibilities of the Border States. They were wrong there, too. There cannot be a doubt now that if he had alienated those states at the beginning, he would have lost the war right away. Altogether, then, it would be found that, in a just view of the military situation, the class of criticism from which Lincoln's reputation suffered the most shrivels up.

The purely military criticism does not lend itself so easily to summary treatment, because, of course, it turns on numberless instances of detail, and it is *a priori* certain that, in many of these, the man at the head would be wrong. But it may be gathered up under two heads: the allegation that Lincoln was apt to appoint unqualified commanders for political reasons, and the allegation that for a period he was wont to interfere injudiciously. As to the first, it is not possible to mete out exact justice in the feud which certainly prevailed between the professional soldier, who was not always all that a soldier should be, and the untrained or half-trained volunteer,

who was not always a failure. It may be enough to point out that there was a real difficulty in the situation, of which no possible solution would have silenced complaint. There were not enough trained officers to go round, outsiders had to be brought in, and promising men had to be given their chance. The only 'political' reason which prevailed with Lincoln in this matter was a valid political reason, vital to the winning of the war: the North had to be held together and the fighting spirit of its different sections utilized and not damped down. Mr. Trumbull, and a hundred other sturdy supporters of the cause far less fair and placable than he, were pressing all the time that Lincoln should sack every West Pointer and rely on sound patriots, real or pretended, like Banks or Butler, to put things through. Even the rashest of Lincoln's appointments, that of Frémont, was the appointment of a popular leader, with a sort of military reputation, whom it was really perilous — to the cause, not to Lincoln — to pass over. On the whole we may safely conclude that in a branch of administration, notoriously difficult at all times, and in his case maddeningly perplexing, he displayed a balanced and a patient judgment.

The real source of a certain abiding military displeasure with him may be traced to his unhappy relations with McClellan. The facts as to these relations are now before us in full detail, and they prove at least an almost superhuman patience with a subordinate who for long was really indispensable and throughout was all but impossible.

The remaining accusation, of undue interference with his generals, can readily be brought to an issue. There was a period when Lincoln endeavored to abstain altogether from any such interference; there was a period when

he felt driven to practise it pretty freely; and, finally, a period when he was able to return to his chosen attitude of leaving all to the men whom he trusted. As to the period of interference, there are only two important questions to be asked: Why did Lincoln hamper McClellan in the peninsula by withholding troops that McClellan wanted there? Why, on the other hand, after Antietam, did he unremittingly but unavailingly spur McClellan to bolder action, and do the same with Meade after Gettysburg? The answer in each case is similar. Lincoln knew, what McClellan wholly ignored, that even a certainty of taking Richmond would not be worth an appreciable risk of losing Washington. Later on, Lincoln knew, what McClellan and Meade could not see, that any fair chance of smashing Lee's army was well worth the risk of any reverse that Lee could then have inflicted on his pursuers.

These crucial instances are enough to prove that the interferences complained of were not wanton or unwise; and it would be easy, in fact, to find other instances which suggest, as these do, that his judgment of the great problems of the war was remarkably sound.

As a war administrator, then, he was at least not liable to the censures which have actually been cast upon him; and while it is certain that few administrators have been subjected to so great a strain, it may be doubted whether many have made so few serious mistakes.

[*The New Statesman*]

GYPSIES

COMPLAINTS have appeared in the press lately that gypsies are dangerously on the increase in England. Borrow would have been surprised had he

been told that such a thing would be possible in the year 1920. He took it practically for granted that gypsies would have disappeared from England by the end of the nineteenth century. Gypsies had survived persecution; it was doubtful if they could survive the evolution of civilized society. Yet here they are to be found among the Surrey hills to-day, their numbers reinforced by gypsy fugitives from Belgium and France during the war. They are a race as ubiquitous and as inexterminable as the Jews. Unlike the Jews, however, they are held together, not by a common tradition of home, but by a common tradition of homelessness. They are the only race in the civilized world that did not care a penny for the Peace Conference. They are totally uninterested in the map of Europe. They have neither an empire nor a capital to sing a song about. They have stolen most things in their time, but they never stole a country.

Even so, they are human. They lie about themselves and their past. When they began their wanderings over Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, they declared that they had come from Little Egypt and were on their way to Rome to do penance for the sin of their race. Their fathers, they said, had refused to receive the infant Jesus when Joseph and Mary had fled into their country during the persecution of Herod. Like Cain, they were exiles under a curse.

Another story, heard by Borrow in Spain, traced back the origin of their wanderings to a still earlier manifestation of the Divine wrath. There was once a great king called Pharaoh, the story ran, who, having conquered the world, resolved to make a war on God. God, for his part, refused to fight with a mere man. At the same time, in his anger, he decided to punish Pharaoh, and, opening an abyss in a mountain,

drove Pharaoh and his armies into it. After their disappearance, the kings and nations who had been subject to Egypt revolted, and attacked the defenseless Egyptians, driving them out and 'dispersing them over all the world.'

Unhappily for these romantic legends, none of the historians will admit that the gypsies originally came from Egypt. Though they are to be found in Egypt, as in Siberia and in Australia, it seems to be the general opinion that they came to Europe from Asia — by way, perhaps, of Armenia and Persia, from a home in India. There is an old story that in the fifth century the Persian king brought ten thousand minstrels from India to his court. The minstrels, however, turned out to be such prodigals that the king in disgust drove them forth with their instruments — a horde of wanderers with nothing but their songs to earn them a livelihood. Other theorists, as was to be expected, have marked down the gypsies as the lost tribes of Israel. But, if the gypsies had come to the waters of Babylon, they would not have sat down and wept. They would have brought out their washing.

To the modern mind, the gypsy is one of the most romantic of figures. He appeals to everything in us that is in revolt against the ordered life. Civilized men like to play at being vagabonds, or Bohemians, as the gypsies are called in France. This is, no doubt, largely a 'stunt,' and has been brought into disrepute by the make-believe of popular novelists. But it is possible that it corresponds to a genuine enough sentiment in the heart of man — a recurrent doubt as to whether there is not something better to be found on the face of the world than servitude to one's salary. There are other ways of escape from materialism besides turning one's self into a

bogus gypsy. But almost every challenge to the conventional life involves a sort of vagabondage.

Synge actually went so far as to maintain that among the Irish peasants some men become vagrants through a special virtue. 'In the middle classes,' he wrote, 'the gifted son of a family is always the poorest,— usually a writer or artist with no sense for speculation,— and in a family of peasants, where the average comfort is just over penury, the gifted son sinks also and is soon a tramp on the roadside. This, we fancy, is the rose-colored view of a man of letters. At the same time, it is possibly true that many Irish vagrants, even in modern times, have been gifted men dispossessed through economic and political causes; just as in Elizabethan times, according to a recent authority, 'the vagabonds . . . represented much of the solid strength of mediæval England.' In neither case, however, did the vagrants choose vagrancy: they had vagrancy thrust upon them. It is only, indeed, by a sentimental paradox that any sane man can idealize a vagabond life of this kind.

With the gypsies it is different. They have a tradition. They have a world of their own. They dress in bright colors. There is a touch of the sorcerer about them. They are not mere paupers who have deserted their families. They are social beings, and their caravans and campfires are a wonder to children. They are a decoration of this subdued world. What sentence could be more opalescent with romance than that in which their first arrival in Europe has been described by Mrs. Fuller Maitland? 'Under the leadership of earls and counts, riding on horseback, dressed out in fantastic and gaudy attire, with hawks and hounds in their retinue, they appeared in the fifteenth century in France, Hungary, Germany,

Poland, and Italy.' It is no wonder that at first they gained even the favor of kings. The Emperor Sigismund was the first ruler to grant them protection, and in 1505 we find James IV of Scotland writing to the King of Denmark to introduce to his favor 'Anthony Gajino, Earl of Little Egypt, and others of his retinue.' James V, again, delegated considerable authority to 'oure louit johnne Faw, Lord and Earle of Littil Egypt.'

The good fortune of the gypsies did not last long, however. Their dark and foreign looks soon made them objects of popular suspicion and superstition, and it was easy to rouse public feeling against them both as thieves and as sorcerers. They were even accused of cannibalism under the Inquisition, and a number of them actually confessed that they were cannibals after torture on the rack. As for their treatment in England, Borrow tells us that 'the gibbets of England groaned and creaked beneath the weight of gypsy carcasses, and the miserable survivors were literally obliged to creep into the earth in order to preserve their lives.' England, to say truth, did not take kindly to the gypsies for a long time, though, according to some writers, it was the gypsies who brought into the country the Morris dance, revived in our own day as a national institution! Borrow suggested that 'perhaps jockeyism originated with them, and even racing — at least in England.' This, however, merely proves that Borrow had not taken the trouble to look up the history of horse-racing.

It may be doubted whether any race has contributed so little to civilization as the gypsies. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* holds that it is 'possible that playing-cards might have been introduced to Europe through the gypsies'; and Liszt believed that they were the originators of Hungarian national mu-

sic. But the greatest thing they gave Europe was themselves and the picturesque and highly-colored romance of their lives. In modern times, unfortunately, they have shown signs of reform, and we have even heard of a gypsy congress being held at Sofia in the present century, to put forward a demand for political rights. One cannot respect a gypsy if he begins to vote. One respects him at present, simply and solely, because he is a bad citizen. He represents to our imaginations a holiday from voting and all for which voting stands. In him we play truant by proxy from our civic duties.

One thing is certain: if he votes, he will become assimilated. He will no longer be an exile from Little Egypt, but a good European. That he has survived as a separate type during all these centuries is due entirely to the fact that he had no ambition to settle down as an ordinary civilized being. True, he usually conforms to the religion of the country in which he lives. But he probably learned to do this for his safety's sake. He has never been the sort of man who will be a martyr for his want of principles. It is, perhaps, his want of principles that has made him so easy to live with. If he were a man of principle, like a Mormon, there would be a public agitation to get rid of him. As it is, he is seldom worse than a nuisance: he is seldom a 'menace to public morality.' Even so, it is likely that, as the toleration of the tramp and the beggar grows less, the gypsy will disappear. His race all the world over cannot now number much more than a million. As he is caught young and put to school and mixes with other races on equal terms, he, too, will in the end be tempted into civilization as our own nomadic ancestors were. But so marked a type will leave traces behind it, and popu-

lar fiction for centuries to come will contain a long procession of heroines who inherit from some remote ancestor a gypsy face and a gypsy heart.

It may be, on the other hand, that gypsyism is itself so deep-rooted and so unamenable to the schoolroom that the gypsies will still feel at home only in one another's easy-going company. There is obviously in the gypsies a genius for survival which some superior races, such as the Maoris and the Red Indians, do not possess. Perhaps their secret is that they happen not to be noble but parasites.

[*To-Day*]

A NOCTURNE OF STEEL

BY E. N. SIMONS

STEEL! The word suggests strength and endurance. It pervades the world about us. Skeleton combinations of girders, shimmering wheels and rods of machinery, keen polished instruments, miles and miles of gleaming rail-track, the firm outlines of ships, and the dull sheen of guns and ammunition, all bear silent witness to its influence.

The manufacture of steel invokes varied scenes—picturesque blendings of light and shade, through which the figures of sturdy men come and go. Perhaps a Dante alone could describe the sombre interplay of fire and flame and the feverish, unceasing effort of a modern steelworks.

The foundry, in which steel castings are moulded from the liquid metal, has more than a touch of the infernal. Here, in a great building with sanded floors, are gathered stacks of wooden 'patterns,' presently to be embedded in the sand which takes their shape. The faint reek of drying moulds reaches one from the stoves. Here and there derrick-crane stand like giant gallows,

or pivot round with a groan and a rattle. Elsewhere flare the converters, huge iron vessels filled with molten steel, through which there passes a fierce current of air, driving out impurities in a shower of golden sparks. The beat and drone of the blowing engine make tremendous, but not unpleasant, music for the scene.

It is a scene of complex activities. The flame-spouting vessels seethe and throb internally. The whole floor is littered with iron moulding-frames into which shirt-sleeved men ram sand vigorously. Others kneel to trim and smooth the edges of their moulds, like children playing on a beach. The air vibrates with the grinding of cranes, the steady pant-pant-pant of the converters, the dull thud of rammers on sand, the shouts of busy foremen. In the bright glare of the vessels distant corners become gloomy fastnesses to which the bandit shadows fly for safety.

At length one of the converters ceases to throb. At a given signal hidden machinery tilts it by degrees from the vertical to the horizontal. A vast iron bucket is swung up by a crane, and the converter pours into it a brilliant stream of fluid metal. Laborers, their eyes protected from the glare by blue goggles, push back with iron rods the glowing crust of slag which has formed inside the vessel and threatens to slip into the bucket.

Presently the bucket is full, and hauled away toward a set of moulds which stand waiting to be used. It swings from mould to mould, tilting slowly and pouring steel into each. At length there comes a series of sharp commands. The men stand back. The lip of the bucket dips, and a great splash of molten slag falls to the floor, causing a fierce shower of red-hot sparks to fly. This is waste—impure stuff from the bottom of

the bucket. Sand is shoveled onto it immediately. It crackles and splutters, and glows with a dull red wickedness.

The spectacle is beautiful. Beauty in the tongues of flame and steady showers of sparks that issue from the mouths of the converters. Beauty in the grayish eddies of smoke that whirl up the chimney-shafts, and in the vertical thread of molten slag that falls from the cupola above the vessels. Beauty in the occasional hiss of the white-hot sediment thrown out by the empty vessels and quenched with wet sand. Beauty in the rose-tinted pillars of steam that leap up from these slag-pits, and in the gloom and mystery that lurk among the rafters. Beauty—even from the dazzling glare of liquid metal—calls and calls and calls unceasingly.

From the foundry one passes into the machine-shop, where the castings are turned in lathes, drilled by great machines, clipped and shaped and trimmed to fit them for their work. Here, in this shop, is to be seen none of the white splendor of molten steel, the eternal conflict of flame and shadow. In place of these there is an incomparable riot of sound. Overhead traveling cranes whirr, and glide to and fro with fussy purpose. Lathes click and rumble. Blue-clad men flit hither and thither, dwarfed by the monstrous shapes of the machines they serve. Strange, quivering shadows appear on the walls. And overriding everything, grim, insistent, unescapable, is an impression of restrained power.

The gangways are strewn with castings waiting to be machined. Wheels, steel gearing, unrecognizable things with queer projections and excessive angularity, are heaped up in metallic profusion. Shafting-belts whirl monotonously. The tools which cut

into the steel fling off delicate spirals of metal, and leave bright, clean surfaces in their wake. Everything has a cold beauty, passionless, but in its way sublime.

The supreme fascination is, however, the incessant energy of it all. All day long, and sometimes well into the night, these activities go on. Wheels revolve, machines whirl and spin, cranes waft enormous masses of steel from one end of the building to the other, men shout and gesticulate and bend mechanical giants to their will.

But despite all this, despite this feverish energy, the machines retain dignity, a majestic aloofness. They work—condescendingly.

At the crucible furnace, on the other hand, it is the men themselves who capture the eye. In this, the oldest and best-loved of modern steel-making processes, the materials are melted in special clay pots, each of which holds about eighty pounds. They are lifted bodily from the furnace by means of tongs, and the metal is turned into the ingot-mould, whence it takes its ultimate shape. All this work is done by sheer muscular power. A white blaze of light beats upon the worker's face as he stands over the furnace with the glowing crucible in his tongs. Above and around and beyond him is shadow. Smoked glasses preserve his eyes from injury. His teeth close upon a rag to keep the fumes from his throat. Great asbestos flaps protect his boots from the scorching heat. And then, with a series of quick movements, each timed to perfection, the pot is lifted from the flames, carried to the mould, and emptied. Eager rods feel for it and trundle it away.

Crucible after crucible is dealt with in this fashion. Perspiration stands out in coalescing beads on the faces of the workers. They are not separate

personalities, but blind, fanatical devotees of the great god Industry, the monster of red flame and black smoke who cries incessantly, 'Produce! Produce!'

Even the warehouses have their charm. Bars and bars and bars of steel, for chisels, punches, tools of all kinds, are stacked upright against the walls. Varying in length from ten to twelve feet, they seem to lounge, like thin giants awaiting an opportune moment for departure. In this corner and in that are to be seen men swinging hammers and branding the bars with the essential mark and quality. Others work methodically at benches, pasting colored labels on the steel. Others, again, pack great cases, or twist red-hot iron bands round a number of bars. Hydraulic cranes load the cases and bundles on to drays; the horses stand waiting patiently.

Everything in these busy sheds is transitory, unsettled. It is the point of exodus. These loads of steel, all destined for different parts of the world, leave behind them a vague feeling of adventurousness, as if a doorway of escape from the realities of life had been left ajar for a moment.

Apart from these repeatable impressions of industrial beauty, there are others, more fleeting, which come upon one suddenly: the crimson glow of slag cooling in the shadow of stacked ingots; the demoniac figures of men silhouetted against the glare of a furnace; the stream of sparks from an emery-wheel in contact with hard metal; the flakes of white-hot scale from an ingot in the mighty grip

of the press; or, more human, a few squares of warm orange from the lighted windows of an office. Such impressions depend upon mood and moment.

But at night all the barbaric splendor of the works is intensified. The gaunt framework of the foundry struggles vainly to retain the flood of light which escapes from within. Every window, every chink and cranny and skylight, pours out runnels of red light. Chimneys, flaming, interrogative torches, thrust themselves into the sky. And from its platform the furnace sends forth a fierce red glare, an eternal challenge to the darkness.

Over to the east the railway signals exhibit pin-points of red and green, and the rails themselves glimmer faintly where the beam from the furnace strikes them.

In keeping with the splendid strife of light and darkness, the sounds of toil and industry slash and tear at the stillness of the night. The muffled roar of the furnace blends indescribably with the hiss and thud of steam-hammers, the rattle of cranes, the clang of hammered metal. Lower down, 'n the sidings, an engine pants heavily and clashes and clatters among the trucks.

Frequently a goods train rattles past the works, and from time to time an express sweeps by, a chain of linked-up lozenges of light. Somewhere in the distance can be heard the drone of a circular saw. And human voices cut across the dull murmur of the machines.

It is the Nocturne of Steel.

[*The English Review*]
SOCIALISM AND LIBERAL IDEALS *

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

BEFORE discussing my nominal subject, I propose to make a brief survey of the world from the point of view of the possibilities of freedom. The ultimate possibilities of freedom are greater than ever before, but the dangers also are great, and the immediate future is very difficult.

The war has afforded a test as to what was strong and what was weak in the nominal beliefs of men. Much that was traditional would probably have stood a good deal longer, but for the harsh realities which the war forced upon people's notice. Much also was swept away that belonged to what may be called urbanity, much that depended upon not getting down to bed-rock, or stirring up the primitive passions. The world since the war is more stark, less easy-going, more brutal. The division of old and young is greater than in normal times, for the old succeeded in idealizing the war, and in order to do so were compelled to depart even further than usual from reality; whereas the young have had reality ground into them as never before. The result of this is that politics is no longer so amiable as formerly, and though leading politicians may indulge in the old humbug, it has lost its grip, and the motives for which men vote are very realistic.

Not only the Liberal party, but Liberal ideals also, have suffered eclipse as the result of the war. Their failure was made manifest by President Wil-

son's collapse. Liberal ideals, in so far as they were genuine, depended upon a certain degree of forbearance as between man and man, a certain unwillingness to push things to extremes. Religious toleration, democracy, free speech, free press, and free trade were, all of them, ideals implying that the differences between different groups were not irreconcilable. I am one of those who, as a result of the war, have passed over from Liberalism to Socialism, not because I have ceased to admire many of the Liberal ideals, but because I see little scope for them, except after a complete transformation of the economic structure of society.

The war has resulted in a confrontation of plutocracy and labor, capitalism and Socialism. Socialism has appeared at last as a force roughly equal in strength to capitalism. In Russia it is in power, and elsewhere there is a possibility of its acquiring power. What have these two opposing creeds to offer?

Capitalism, so long as it fought against feudalism, was associated with certain Liberal ideas: freedom, democracy, and peace. It was associated also with increased production. The lingering remnants of feudalism have been swept away by the war: the three emperors who dominated Eastern Europe are gone. In the remaining monarchies, in Milton's words, 'the kings sit still with awful eye.' But every step in the victory of capitalism over the past has made it more hostile to

* A lecture delivered for the National Guilds League at the Kingsway Hall, London, February 26, 1920.

the future, and less liberal. In America, I am told, there is now a prison at the foot of the Statue of Liberty.*

The greater part of the civilized world remains subject to a reign of terror. The Bolshevik reign of terror has, of course, been used to make our flesh creep, but it differs from the others solely in its purpose. I do not allude merely to the White Terror in places like Hungary, where the Bolshevik régime has been crushed; similar methods in a less drastic form have become all but universal. In France, by the acquittal of the murderer of Jaurès, the courts have given it to be understood that the assassination of a Socialist is not illegal. In America, anyone professing Communist opinions is liable to imprisonment or deportation, and Socialists duly elected are not permitted to sit in the New York Legislature. In Ireland, any person who believes in the rights of small nations, in self-determination, or in any other of the objects for which the war was fought, is liable to imprisonment without trial. Of India it is not necessary to speak, since the facts have become too notorious. Throughout the world we are faced by a clash of naked force. Socialism, in alliance with oppressed Nationalism, is opposed ruthlessly by Capitalism, strengthened by victorious Nationalism.

Under these circumstances, freedom throughout the capitalist world is not to be thought of. But how about democracy? Democracy was supposed to be one of the inspiring ideas for which we fought the war. We are now told by the Bolsheviks that democracy, as we have hitherto understood it, is a bourgeois trick. We are told, on the other hand, by the capitalists, that it is anti-democratic to attempt

by means of direct action to prevent a reactionary parliament from flouting the will of the majority. Let us try to understand what democracy in a capitalist community consists of.

We have, to begin with, the judiciary and the civil service, both allies of the plutocracy. We have the fact that members of Parliament, and, still more, ministers, through their social status and income, are brought into natural connection with the possessing classes. We have the fact that capitalistic influences are more concentrated, swift, and secret than labor influences, and the fact that the psychology of power tends to make its possessors more sympathetic with the directors of the capitalist industrial machine than with those who, for the time being, obstruct its smooth working. The constitutional power of the democracy is limited to the expression of a choice about once in five years; a choice often between candidates none of whom are really expressive of the political opinions of the constituency; for, owing to the expense of elections, only great and rich organizations, or very wealthy individuals, can fight with any hope of success.

In the whole process of forming opinion before the exercise of the vote, capitalism has enormous preponderance. Beginning in the schools, where the education is designed to produce acquiescence in the *status quo*, and continuing in the press, which, with very rare exceptions, is a capitalistic venture run in the interests of capitalism, the mind of the child is warped, and the mind of the adult is filled with falsehoods, so that only persons of exceptional energy and independence of thought can hope to arrive at anything approaching a true view of the issues to be decided at an election. The early Benthamite advocates of democracy imagined that it was easy*

*I do not know whether this is true literally, or only symbolically.

for a man to ascertain his interest, and that he would certainly vote in accordance with it. Thus the result of democracy would be a just representation of all interests in proportion to their numerical strength.

Admirable theory! But if they had studied, for example, the Jesuits and their influence, they might have seen its falsehood. The average man's opinions are made for him like the house he lives in. He can choose among a few varieties, but the varieties are rigidly limited by forces quite outside his control. There are limitations, it is true, to what can be done in the way of manufacturing opinion. If the opinions inculcated lead to the death in unsuccessful war of a large proportion of the men, and to the starvation of the women and children, it may happen, after a certain number of years, that the usual methods of generating opinion will fail. In that case, revolution results. But the hardships required before this climax is reached are appalling. What is called the rule of the majority in a bourgeois democracy is, therefore, in reality the rule of those who control the methods of manufacturing opinion, especially in the schools and the press. It is absurd to give a sort of fetish worship to such a system, or to condemn all uses of the weapon of direct action, because of the supposed sacrosanct authority of a government elected years ago on quite other issues. The Bolsheviks are right in maintaining that bourgeois democracy is a trick by which the victims are induced to pronounce their own condemnation, in order to minimize the force required for carrying it out.

At the outbreak of the late war, capitalism pretended that feudalism, as represented by the Kaiser, was what had caused the disaster. Feudalism is gone, but capitalism has shown itself

incapable of making any real peace. Quite apart from the hostility to Communist Russia, the trade rivalries inherent in capitalism have necessitated a harsh treatment of Germany and Austria which makes any stable peace impossible. Every thoughtful person must realize that the continuance of the capitalist system is incompatible with the continuance of civilization. It is as clear as noonday that, if this system survives, the late war must be succeeded by other wars, which will be even more destructive in proportion as they are more scientific. A few more of such conflicts must put an end to everything that has made the European races of importance to the world.

Finally, capitalism has begun to fail as a technical method of production. The well-founded and universal belief in the importance of production no longer, as in the past, strengthens the hold of the capitalist system. The old incentives to work have broken down, for the bees have begun to think that it is not worth while to make honey for their owners. At the present moment, as a result of the war, the world needs speedy production in a quite unprecedented degree; but if speedy production is to be possible, new incentives must be found, and can be found only through self-government in industry. It is this that has given, in Great Britain, such extraordinary and sudden strength to the guild idea. We have all been watching the experiment of the building trade in Manchester, where, after the whole capitalist machinery had failed hopelessly to deal with the housing problem, it is being found that guild methods afford a complete solution, equally perfect from the point of view of the producer and of the consumer. Largely because of this technical breakdown of capitalism, the advent of socialistic

methods of production is now immeasurably easier than at any previous time. Whatever the workers choose to demand in the way of economic justice they can secure. Nothing stands in their way except the moderation of their own demands.

Thus capitalism has lost all the merits by which, in the past, it sought to commend itself to the average man. Through trusts and an intimate union with the state, capitalism has succeeded in destroying almost all vestiges of freedom. Through control of education and the press, it has made democracy a farce. Through national rivalries, it has made peace impossible except by its overthrow. And by arousing the discontent of the workers, it has become inefficient as a method of production. The first three of these failures are reasons for desiring its overthrow. The fourth, fortunately, is also a reason for expecting it.

Capitalism has failed to secure freedom, genuine democracy, stable peace, or the increased production that the world needs, and there is no reason to think that its failure in these respects is in any way temporary. On the contrary, it is likely to grow more and more marked through the discontent which it arouses. What has Socialism to offer in these respects?

The most important of all the new facts that have emerged from the war is the existence of a great power which has adopted Socialism in practice. Socialism, hitherto, has been a mere theory, something which practical men could despise as impossible and visionary. The Bolsheviks, whatever we may think of their merits or demerits, have at any rate proved that Socialism is compatible with a vigorous and successful state. Faced by the united hostility of Europe, and by civil war within their own borders,

coming into power at a time of unexampled chaos and starvation, deprived by the blockade of all outside help, they have, nevertheless, beaten back their enemies, reconquered the greater part of the old Russian Empire, survived the worst period of the famine without being overthrown by internal revolution, and set to work to regenerate production with amazing vigor. There has been nothing comparable since the France of the Revolution, and for my part I cannot but think that what the Bolsheviks are doing is of even greater importance for the future of the world than what was accomplished in France by the Jacobins, because their operations are on a wider scale, and their theory is more fundamentally novel. I believe that Socialists throughout the world should support the Bolsheviks and co-operate with them. And I think that guildsmen, in particular, ought to pay great attention to Bolshevik methods of organization, not only because of their power and prestige, but because of their partial adoption of an industrial instead of a geographical basis for the Soviets.

But I do not mean to suggest that we, in this country, where conditions are exceedingly different from those in Russia, should blindly follow in the footsteps of the Bolsheviks. With other guildsmen, I recognize the importance of organization by trades, but at the same time believe that the territorial Parliament still has useful functions to perform; and therefore I am not persuaded that, for us, the complete suppression of Parliament as opposed to Soviet forms is desirable. And I am strongly of opinion that whatever in the way of Socialism is feasible in this country can be accomplished without armed revolution. Slavish imitation of the Bolsheviks is not what I wish to

advocate. I am inclined to think that their methods were probably the only ones by which success could have been achieved in Russia, but it by no means follows that they are the only or the best methods for us. Our circumstances, however, are peculiar, and throughout the Continent there is far more similarity to Russian conditions, and far more likelihood of similar methods being needed, if Socialism is to acquire power. And in view of the success of Bolshevism in beating back its enemies, the spread of Socialism throughout the Continent has become a by no means remote possibility.

Bolshevism has temporarily flouted two ideals, which most of us have hitherto strongly believed in: I mean, democracy and liberty. Are we on this account to view it askance? I think not.

The dictatorship of the proletariat is professedly a transitional condition, a war-time measure, justified while the remnants of the old bourgeois class are still struggling to promote counter-revolution. Lenin, following Marx, regards the state as in essence the domination of one class in the community. As soon as Communism has abolished the distinction of classes, the state is to wither away. When there is no longer any class except the proletariat, the dictatorship of the proletariat will *ipso facto* cease, and the state, in the sense in which Lenin uses the word, will disappear.

Are we to object to this process on the ground that it may involve for a time the seizure of power by a minority? And are we to object on the same ground to direct action for political ends in our own country? Lenin's defense of his action is broadly that the opposition to Communism is essentially temporary, and that, when once Communism has been established, it

will command universal support. An argument of this sort can only be judged by the outcome. If the outcome shows, as it seems to have done in Russia, that the opposition was largely ignorant, and that experience of the new régime leads people to support it, it may be said that the forcible transition has been justified. The arguments in favor of democracy and liberty, it may be said, are arguments applicable to normal times, not to cataclysms and world-revolutions. In these terrific epochs, a man must be prepared to back his own faith; whether he is right or wrong in doing so, only the issue can show. I think there is something a trifle pedantic in applying to the circumstances of Russia the sort of arguments and principles which are valid for ourselves in ordinary periods. Russia could be saved only by a strong will, and it is doubtful whether a strong will could have saved it without dictatorship in some form.

I do not think, however, that these considerations would apply to ourselves, even if we were much nearer than we are to the establishment of complete Socialism. England, ever since 1688, has had a love of moderation. Methods such as those of the Bolsheviks would alienate ordinary people. Nor is the opposition of the reactionaries sufficiently ruthless to justify such methods. The moderation of our Labor party is often exasperating, but, at any rate, it is matched by the moderation of their opponents. This was clearly illustrated at the time of the railway strike. Marx, the great exponent of the doctrine of class war, asserted that, in England, Socialism might come by peaceful means. Let us hope that in this, as in so much else, he was a true prophet.

But on the Continent, as the example of Russia has shown us, such a

hope is probably chimerical. I believe — though, of course, to prophesy is so uncertain as to be little more than a pastime — that, in view of the successes of Russian Communism in resisting the united hostility of the capitalistic Great Powers, the victory of Socialism in Germany, France, and Italy, within the next ten years or so, is quite within the bounds of possibility. There is much reason to fear, however, that it will not be effected in these countries without the same accompaniments of war and terrorism that we have seen in Russia, though perhaps in a much fainter form. I do not believe that, if it were victorious in such a contest, it would confine its victory to those nations in which a majority was in favor of Socialism, particularly if its help were invited by Socialist insurrections. Poland, for example, would very likely fall again under Russian domination as in the days of Tsardom. Nationalism and religion would keep the Poles, for a time, hostile to Socialism, whether it were international or took the form of a revived Russian Imperialism. It would be necessary to suppress by force the Polish desires for independence and for the persecution of the Jews; and doubtless it would be sought by means of a rigid control of education, to indoctrinate the rising generation with a more Marxian outlook. Similar troubles would arise throughout the Balkans. The régime of International Socialism for at least a generation would have to be, in many regions, a régime of armed force, backed by rigid control of the press and the schools.

There is no reason to suppose that, when the time came, the Bolsheviks would shrink from such a course, however little imperialism there may be in their present purposes. Their outlook on the world, like that of the

early Mohammedans, is at once realistic and fanatical. Believing, as they do, in the Marxian formula of inevitable economic development, they feel their ultimate victory fatalistically assured. What they regard as of most importance is that the guns should be in the hands of the class-conscious proletariat. This once secured, they feel convinced that propaganda can bring to their side the part of the proletariat which is still misled by 'bourgeois catch-words,' such as religion and patriotism. It is highly probable that they are justified in this view, and that, if they could govern Europe for a generation, opposition to them at the end of that time would not come from the dying forces of the past, but from whatever new movements might arise, for embodying such Socialist ideals as the Bolsheviks might in the meantime have forgotten.

If we suppose that some such development is likely, on the assumption that Bolshevik successes continue, ought we to seek to promote those successes or to shrink from promoting them because of the bloodshed and terror that they might involve, and the loss to civilization, at least temporarily, that the conflict would entail?

For my part, I feel convinced that any vital progress in the world depends upon the victory of International Socialism, and that it is worth while, if it is necessary, to pay a great price for that victory. I feel convinced also that there will be no peace in the world until International Socialism has conquered, and that to strengthen its forces, and to weaken those of the opposition, is the quickest way to end the conflict. I believe, in a word, that 'each recruit means quicker peace.' When I speak of Socialism, I do not mean a milk-and-water system, but a thoroughgoing, root-and-branch transformation such as Lenin has at-

tempted. And if its victory is essential to peace, we must acquiesce in the evils involved in conflict, in so far as conflict is forced upon us by capitalism.

There are, however, some things which must be borne in mind as qualifications of this conclusion.

One point of very vital importance is that Socialism should not lose its internationalism. It is perfectly possible to imagine Great Powers, each organized communistically on a national basis, coming into conflict for the possession of raw materials. The oil in the Caucasus, for example, might well afford ground for such a conflict. Nor is there anything in Socialism, so long as it is merely national, that is incompatible with a new kind of Chauvinism. The contempt for the rule of the majority during the revolutionary period, which the Bolsheviks inculcate, and their belief in winning over the majority through the temporary dictatorship of a class-conscious minority, obviously justify wars for the spread of the Socialist idea, and such wars would easily become nationalistic when waged between a Socialist and a capitalist power. The abolition of exploitation at which Socialism aims, and which would make it a guaranty against war, is, of course, not complete so long as exploitation by nations continues. It is only secured when the raw materials of the world are dealt with by an international authority. It may well be doubted whether Socialism will be strong enough to overcome national interest and feeling so completely as would be involved in this method of dealing with raw materials; yet until it has achieved this, it will have done little by way of affording a safeguard against wars.

And, apart from raw materials, there is another question which might well cause wars between communistic national states: I mean the question of

the right of immigration. In Australia and throughout North and South America this question may be of paramount importance for many years to come.

Against International Socialism there stands, except in America, only one really strong popular force—the force of nationalism. By nationalism I mean the determination to secure the interests of one's own nation at no matter what cost to other nations, and the belief that the interests of different nations are essentially antagonistic, or rather the hatred of other nations of which this belief is a rationalized expression. In all the new states which have been created by the Peace Treaty, nationalism in this sense appears to be absolutely dominant. Most of them would rather kill their neighbors and starve than live in plenty at the cost of friendly relations with races whom they hate. This attitude of mind is partly instinctive, partly the result of education and propaganda, which probably cannot be eradicated at all quickly, except by the use of force, in preventing hostilities, promoting freedom of trade, and setting up a new kind of education. The League of Nations, with its legacy of war-hatreds, is quite incapable of performing this work. International Socialism alone, of all the forces now in the world, can really alter the mentality of bellicose populations. I do not say that even International Socialism can achieve this quickly, but I do say that, if it were in power, it could achieve it in the course of a generation, since what it has to combat is instinct and tradition, very palpably contrary to self-interest, and what it has to substitute is a generous ideal from which the enormous majority of the population would derive material benefit.

In spite of the serious difficulties and problems which Socialism will have

to face if it becomes dominant, I am firmly convinced that it is the necessary next stage in the world's progress, if the things for which Western civilization has stood are to survive in any degree. I believe, also, that the degree of good it can accomplish depends upon the degree of generous hope in those who bring it about. If the evils that flow from economic exploitation are thoroughly realized, and the new world that can result from its complete abolition is vividly desired, a new force will be generated, sufficiently strong to dethrone nationalism from men's hearts; and it is nationalism alone, in Europe and Asia, that enables capitalism to preserve its power for evil. With nationalism removed, idealism and self-interest alike would prompt the enormous majority of the civilized population of the world to adopt International Socialism; and, once adopted, this system would be stable through its palpable advantages, and through the fact that there would be no class with an obvious interest in overthrowing it.

Freedom, democracy, peace, efficient production, and economic justice can come through International Socialism, and cannot come, so far as I can see, in any other way. But although Socialism *may* bring these things, it is not certain that it will do so. Whether it brings them or not will depend largely upon the manner of its advent, upon the fierceness of the struggle, and upon the temper of the victors.

I think that our own country, especially through the guild idea, has a very definite contribution to make in the transitional time. I think that we can effect the transformation without violence, and that we can do more than any other country to keep alive during the struggle those ideals of individual liberty without which a Socialist society, if created, would be stereo-

typed and unprogressive and lifeless. Liberty and war are not compatible, yet an extension of liberty is one of the professed aims of Socialists: collective liberty in work through self-government in industry; individual liberty outside work through the shortening of hours. The relative merits of different forms of Socialism, and of different tactics for securing Socialism, can be judged by capacity to secure these ends.

Socialism, no doubt, like capitalism, will be a phase in human development, succeeded by something of which we do not yet foresee the nature, perhaps by anarchism. It would be fatal to future progress if Socialism established itself, like the Church after Constantine, as a persecuting orthodoxy, fettering the human spirit, and delaying progress for a thousand years. Such a result is not impossible, especially if the victory of Socialism is brought about by military means at the end of long and disastrous wars. For this reason, if for no other, the victory of Socialism by peaceful means is immeasurably to be desired.

Every strong conception of human life tends to pass through three phases. In the first, it is amiable, humanitarian, persuasive, seeking to convince by argument rather than by force. In the second phase, having acquired a certain strength, and roused an opposition of a certain fierceness, it ceases to be amiable and becomes militant, justifying its militancy by the belief, inherited from the amiable phase, that its victory will bring the millennium. In the third phase, having acquired power, it becomes oppressive and cruel. Christianity exhibited the first of these phases down to the time of Constantine; in the Crusades it exhibited the second; in the Inquisition it exhibited the third.

Capitalism has passed through simi-

lar phases. In Adam Smith, Cobden, and Bright we see its amiable phase. In its overthrow of feudal institutions it exhibited its militant phase. In the exploitation of inferior races, and the anti-Socialist reign of terror, we see its third, tyrannical phase. The same thing has happened as regards nationalism, though here the rate of development is different in different nations, according to their strength. Mazzini exhibited its amiable phase, Bismarck its militant phase, and modern Imperialism its tyrannical phase.

Socialism has passed, with the accession of Lenin, from the amiable to the militant stage. In so passing, it has lost much of its attractiveness for certain types of mind. There are those who feel acutely the evils of the existing world, and desire ardently the existence of a world free from these evils, who yet shrink from the stern conflict which is involved in getting rid of them. I confess to a very strong sympathy with such men. I observe that, in the course of a conflict, every ideal becomes degraded, and that the forcible victory of a party is invariably accompanied by loss of the greater part of what made their victory desirable. And violent conflict in itself, especially when it is prolonged and widespread, tends to degrade the societies which indulge in it.

Socialism has many forms, and it is not improbable that the victory in different countries will be for different forms. Subject to the paramount claims of order and efficient production, the most important thing that any Socialistic system has to aim at is freedom. National Guildsmen have always remembered the importance of freedom far more than their Collectivist predecessors. Their system of balances between the rival powers of Parliament and Guild Congress is de-

signed to secure political freedom. Their system of self-government in industry, as opposed to bureaucratic management by State Socialists is designed to secure freedom for the collective workers in any industry, both nationally, in the general problems of the industry, and locally, in all matters that can be decided locally. The system of devolution, not only geographically, but industrially, is of great importance for creating the sense of freedom, the possibility of personal initiative, and the opportunity for beneficial experiments.

Self-government in work is the most important of all the forms of freedom that have to be conquered, because his work is what touches a man most closely, and because, owing to this, it is the best way of arousing his political consciousness. Freedom in work was the chief aim of Syndicalism, and it is the aim of Guild Socialism. I believe that it is secured better by means of the national guilds than by any other economic organization of production. I believe that the sense of self-direction and independence, which will be thus secured, will entirely alter the outlook upon work of ordinary workers, and will, at any rate while it is new, stimulate production enormously more than the old capitalist incentive of terror.

But in addition to freedom in work there is, of course, freedom outside work, in leisure hours, and this will be secured by the shortening of hours which more efficient methods will render possible. At present, more efficient methods are viewed with suspicion as redounding only to the advantage of the capitalist. Under the new system, the whole advantage of them will be obviously derived by the workers, and technical progress is likely to be enormously accelerated by this change. This is illustrated by

the Bolshevik adoption of the Taylor system of scientific management.

There is, of course, another kind of freedom, applicable to rather few individuals, and yet of very great importance to the progress of mankind, and that is the freedom to refuse to occupy any place in the organized system of the community. The man who wishes to teach a new religion, to invent a new science, or to produce a new art, may find no guild ready to receive him. He will be officially classed as an idler or vagabond. All fundamental innovations must necessarily go against the will of the community, no matter what the economic system may be. For the sake of such men it is highly desirable that complete emancipation from the system should be possible for anyone willing to endure sufficient hardships. Exceptional behavior, which is probably slightly harmful, but may be very beneficial (such as painting pictures which the experts consider worthless), may rightly be discouraged, but should not be made physically impossible for those who believe in it enough to incur sacrifices rather than discontinue it. Loopholes and exceptions are absolutely vital if society is to remain progressive. We, in this country, if we adopt Socialism at all, are sure to adopt it in a piecemeal and unsystematic fashion, which gives a far better chance than systematic Bolshevism for the toleration of loopholes and exceptions. We may hope that Continental Socialism, when once it has become secure, will be strong enough to admit the advantages derived from such failure of systematization. In this respect, I believe that we have something of importance to contribute to the ultimate outcome.

Capitalism can no longer make a

tolerable world, or preserve for us the heritage of civilization. International Socialism can do these things, provided it can achieve power without too prolonged or ruthless a struggle. Those who oppose the advent of Socialism take upon themselves a very grave responsibility. It is impossible to believe that the old system will be preserved, and all that the opposition can effect is to rob the new system of much of its merit. We who stand for Socialism have to remember that it is not enough to defeat our opponents if in so doing we defeat ourselves, and that we shall defeat ourselves if the new society which results from our efforts does not embody more of freedom for the creative human spirit, and for the lives of ordinary men and women, than has ever existed in the world before. I do not believe that it is possible to dispense wholly with the use of force, though I do believe that, in this country, the necessary force can be acquired without violent revolution. Force, if it is to succeed in its ultimate purpose, must be always subservient to propaganda. It must be employed in ways which help to persuade, not in ways which alienate the ordinary citizen. And at every stage everything possible must be done to make it clear that the use of force is temporary, and that the goal is a society where force shall no longer be needed. It is only through the inspiration of a great hope, through the vivid realization of the better world at which we aim, that we can prevent our aims from degenerating in the conflict, and that we can secure the victory, not only of our party, but of our ideals: the ideals of freedom, economic justice, and international coöperation, which the world needs, and which only Socialism can achieve.

[*The New Statesman*]
ENCOUNTER

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

To-day you meet a woman or a man:
It seems he blends with you and you
with him

At the first glance. Immediately you
can

Speak as you would. Your happy
senses swim.

The world's shrill voices ebb, its colors
shrink. . . .

It shuts behind, goes out. . . . In
gentle blindness

Of light you smile, join hands across
the brink,

Launch wings on deeps of beauty and
loving kindness.

You part at last. How boldly the eyes
say:

'It's You . . . it's You . . . ah, this
is not the end.'

And all the homeward way
From your high heart how wells the
warm bright hymn

Of praise to happiness and of your
friend!

That night you wake, put hand out for
a match. . . .

But no! 'Why read? for I have found a
book;

I wonder how his heart thinks? There:
I catch,

This moment, that, his last sad-happy
look.'

And the next day, quite suddenly,
you're sad. . . .

Perhaps he needs you now. How slow
time is!

No matter; 'it' will be better — you
will have had

These hours to plot that hour's dear
sanctities:

You must not go too fast . . . you
will disclose

First this, then that; you'll pause . . .
and he will say

'Yes, I——' for he has secrets, too,
and those

Will be as sweet as yours to hear and
weigh.

His face was sad, and long you ponder
why. . . .

No matter, you will see him, you will
know.

And Time creeps on. 'Should he speak
first or I?

And what? . . . but old friends do not
trouble so —

They let what will be turn out as it
may.'

To-night; head aches, heart beats,
your mouth is dry.

Now the hour strikes. You hurry on
your way.

You meet.

It was nothing. And you wish to die.

[*The Poetry Review*]

DOWN IN THE GLEN

BY ALICE COLLY

Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Down in the glen,
Little fairy bootmaker,
Where and how and when
Do you make the tiny boots
For the fairy men?
Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Down in the glen.

Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Are they hard to please,
Little fairy bootmaker,
There among the trees?
Do you hold each little shoe
So — between your knees?
Tick-tack, tick-tack,
There among the trees.

Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Working there in glee,
Little fairy bootmaker,
Will you make for me
Just one little pair to wear,
When no mortals see?
Tick-tack, tick-tack,
Make a pair for me.